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TO A FRIEND
Who Would Have Me Sixteen Years Old.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ALICE CARY.

Suppose your head with power supplied,—
Say, would you slip it 'neath my hair,
And turn it to the golden side
Of sixteen years? Suppose you dare!

And I stood here with smiling mouth,
Red cheeks, and hands all softly white,
Exceeding beautiful with youth;
And that some tiptoe-treading sprite

Brought dreams as sweet as they could be,
To keep the shadows from my brow,
And plucked down hearts to pleasure me,
As you would reave from a bough!

What could I do then? Idly wear,
(The while my mates went on before,)
The bashful looks, and golden hair
Of sixteen years! and nothing more!

May, done with youth are my desires—
Life has no pain I fear to meet;
Experience, with its dreadful fires,
Melts knowledge to a welding heat.

And even its fires of heart and brain,
Where purpose into power was wrought,
I'd bear, and gladly bear, again,
Rather than be put backas thought.

So, sigh no more, my gentle friend,
That I am at the time of day
When white hair comes, and heart-beats send
No blushes through the cheeks astray.

For could you mould my destiny
As clay, within your loving hand,
I'd leave my youth's sweet company
And suffer back to where I stand.

Original Novelet.

THE LOST OF THE WILDERNESS;
A Tale of New England Before the Pilgrims

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

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CHAPTER XIII.

MARIE.

Marie and Monoma watched long into the night, under the moonlit trees, lying clasped in one another's sisterly embrace, awaiting the return of Tisquontam. But at last sleep overpowered their faculties, and the hours of starlight and darkness passed, and morning broke once more. Still the Indian hunter returned not, though presently the effulgent sun broke from the gray horizon and flooded the islet with his beams. Then the aisles of all the forest rang with the music of birds, and low winds, heavy with fragrance, stole through leaflets and over flowers, and kissed the cheeks of those two maidens pillowed on each other's hearts. Marie and Monoma awoke to another day. But still Tisquontam came not.

The long summer morning passed, till noontide reigned, yet Marie's sobs were the only syllables of human grief heard in the lonely isle; for Monoma, with the spirit of her father's race, neither wept nor moaned. But at last, when the sunbeams began to slant once more through the woody arches, the Indian maiden arose and clasped in her small hand a gayly ribanded bow, and hung a quiver of arrows over her shoulder. "I will seek my father's trail," she said, quietly; and kissing the cheek of Marie, she bounded away to the forest-path.

Monoma was no novice in woodcraft, for her steps from infancy had been accustomed to thicket and turf. She had tracked the wild fox to his covert in the summer morns, and pursued during wintry moons the fleet-footed deer or howling wolf far away over icy crusts and through drifted snows. And the maiden was familiar with every sign by which the aborigines trace their friends or foes through the pathless wilds; for often had she roamed with her father for leagues and leagues away from their islet home, scaling the great hills of the interior, or launching their birchen canoe upon the rivers of the Penobscot, the Merrimac, and Piscataqua, even to the far Connecticut. Consequently Monoma thought little of threading the wood depths, and found no difficulty in striking very soon the trail of her father Tisquontam on the following day.

But, ah! what terror shook the frame of that poor Indian girl when she reached at length the spot where had taken place the brief struggle between the Indian and his captors. She knelt upon the trampled grass, and saw the discolored blades where had dried the blood that oozed from Tisquontam's wound. She marked the rough trail made by the kidnappers as they dragged their victims to the pinnace, and at last saw with renewed grief the print of the boat's keel upon the white sands of the shore. Then as the full realization of her father's fate broke over her mind, and she felt that he had been carried away by enemies, the Indian maiden sat down upon the shore and bowed her gentle head in desolate sorrow.

But no tear came even then to moisten the burning eyes of Monoma; for her wild nature, even in its despair, refused the manifestations customary to civilized life. She only remained mute and motionless, thinking of her sire, but even in her agony striving to shape forth plans for following and rescuing the captived warrior.

Monoma well knew by the signs she had diligently examined that no native war-party of Indians had made prisoner her father; for apart from the fact that Tisquontam was on the best of terms with all the neighboring tribes, and that distant red men could not have approached these shores without previous notice of their coming, she knew likewise that the print upon the shore sands must have been caused by other bark than a light birchen canoe; and therefore her quick apprehension told her that Tisquontam must have fallen into the hands of some survivors of the white strangers lately cast upon the coast. But this conviction increased her alarm, for she dreaded, after discovery of the marks of conflict on the grass, that her father might have incurred the anger of the strangers, or been seized as a victim in revenge for the massacre of the wrecked emigrants.

But the deepest darkness hath its hidden stars, and so Monoma ventured to hope even amid her despairing affliction; for she remembered that Tisquontam was acquainted with her mother's tongue, and could therefore explain his kindred as well as friendliness to the pale faces; and perhaps, reflected the maiden, after all he has been taken but as a guide to the strangers through the islands, and will be allowed to return when he has safely conducted them to the great ocean. Animated by this consoling supposition, Monoma stifled her grief, and turned her face once more to the islet lodge where waited the lonely Marie.

Another night of anxiety to both the maidens passed away, and with returning morn Monoma prepared to set forth on a journey to the Narragansett village. For during the sleepless hours the Indian girl had promised her mourning friend that she would herself seek to discover whether Louis and the Abbe still lived. Monoma had often accompanied Tisquontam on his visits to the neighboring tribes, and twice she had passed the threshold of the great Sachem Wonsameguen, which was the warrior's name of the powerful Massasoit. She now resolved to go alone to the lodges of the Narragansetts, not to make known the disappearance of her father, but only to note if the white captives were still spared from sacrifice. Marie in truth desired to know the worst, for the dreadful suspense in which she remained concerning her brother was torturing in the extreme. Rather, indeed, would she welcome death, knowing that her friends had preceded her to the mansions of rest.

Monoma, therefore, promising to return by evening, set forth at the first dawning to traverse the woods and hills toward the Narragansett town. Much she dreaded that she should arrive only to witness the catastrophe of sacrifice, or to hear that the fearful rite of vengeance had been consummated. She hoped, however, that the captives were still living, and resolved, even though it might involve her own safety, to intercede for their preservation with the King Massasoit, should the tribe have yet delayed their death. With these feelings her fleet footsteps soon carried her to the shore, where still lay concealed Tisquontam's canoe, and thence her paddles caused the little bark to cleave the still waters of the bay from point to point, until the country of the Narragansetts was gained, and she stood among Woosameguen's lodges.

Many daughters of chiefs and young braves greeted the arrival of Monoma in the village, for she was known far and wide as the child of Tisquontam, the lone Sachem of Mannamoset; but to the interrogatories concerning her father, the prudent maiden only replied that he had gone forth on the hunt alone, and she had come to visit for a few hours her Narragansett cousins, and then return swiftly to the lodge of Tisquontam. This answer satisfied all inquiries, and Monoma was permitted to range freely with her young Indian friends from wigwam to wigwam of the village. It was not long, therefore, before she learned all that could be communicated by the Narragansett maidens, and discovered, greatly to her joy, that the captive youth Louis was adopted by a squaw of the tribe. Moreover she soon obtained a glimpse of the French youth and his elder friend, and saw that both appeared calm and in good health. With these satisfactory results achieved, Monoma bade adieu to the admiring braves who had greeted her, and with a flowery garland or two presented by some gentle squaws, set out on her return to the islet, which she reached without difficulty just as the sun was declining.

But how great was the sorrow of the kind Indian maiden, who had trusted to console her guest with the good news of which she was the bearer, to find that Marie was unable to comprehend her words or even recognize her at all. The anxiety, excitement, and fear which had alternated in the poor French girl's mind during the last few days, had at length forced her delicate frame to succumb, and she now lay upon her bed in the lodge, burning and tossing with a raging fever, that completely deprived her of reason.

Tenderly though sadly throughout that night Monoma watched beside Marie, preparing for her relief the simple herbal medicaments which, in common with all aboriginal females, she knew well how to cull and prepare for use. But the French maiden's malady was of a grievous nature, and yielded not lightly to the leech's skill. Not alone that night succeeding her return from the Narragansett village, but many nights, and many weeks succeeding, Monoma tended the sick and wandering girl, till at last the fever broke, and the light of intelligence once more revisited the stricken Marie. But even then long weeks were to elapse before the beautiful form, prostrated by suffering, could be expected to regain a strength sufficient to warrant the return of health.

Nevertheless, no sister, no mother indeed, could more assiduously minister to the beloved child, than did that wild maiden to her pale-faced friend. The daughter of Tisquontam forgot her own bereavement to think only of the afflicted one beneath her lodge; and as, day by day, she watched and tended her, soothing her thoughts with hopes of a union with her brother, whose safety in the Narragansett village she was assured of, Monoma grew into the sad heart of Marie, like a new and fresh flower amid the withered blossoms of her memory.

But when the crisis of the disease was at length over, and Marie could realize the sweet hope of life, and feel that though in savage captivity, Louis was yet in no danger, but, with the good Abbe, was allowed all liberty to rove amid the tribe, she began soon to gather strength, and looked forward with returning confidence to a meeting with her brother in the forest, and perhaps their ultimate escape to the white settlements. Monoma encouraged the anticipation, though her own spirit was growing every day more despondent, because of the long absence of her father.

Meanwhile the store of provisions with which at Tisquontam's departure, the wigwam had been bountifully supplied, had long since been consumed, and Monoma's skill was fain to supply the place of her father. Daily, ere the sun penetrated the forest, and often at night, when Marie slept, the Indian huntress would steal forth through the glades and by the river banks, to set her snares for game, or launch her arrows with unerring dexterity, until, loaded with her spoils, she could return to the lodge, unperceived by Marie, who dreamt not of the arduous labors of her young hostess. Often, indeed, Marie beheld the trophies of Monoma's hunting exploits in the soft skins of beaver which lined the hut, as well as the many wild birds and other game upon which her returning appetite feasted deliciously. But little did Marie know of the really perilous as well as difficult expeditions which Monoma undertook, nor know that the Indian maiden's hands had worked the ground and gathered the maize of which was made the excellent succotash which tempted her palate in the mornings.

Thus months wore away, summer passed, and the glorious Indian summer followed with its gorgeous train of glowing sunsets, cool Rose skies, and moonlit nights of dazzling brilliancy. Need was there now for Monoma to exert all her skill and energy in taking advantage of the proper hunting season in order to lay in store of food for the winter's consumption; for well she knew the glorious autumnal noons would be succeeded by storms and snows, when her islet home would be barricaded by great drifts, and the great bay waters congealed, so that no fish could be taken by her weak hands, and when, mayhap, for months, naught would be heard in the wilderness but the howl of wolves and panthers ravenous for prey. All this Monoma knew, and hopeless of her father's return, she prepared to exert herself to the utmost in providing the lodge with stores of game, and corn, and other necessaries, by means of which the winter might be passed in something like comfort, for she felt that Marie was ill-calculated to bear privation, and resolved, with generous courage, that no want of her friend should be unsupplied which her devotion might anticipate.

Thus indeed Monoma exposed herself to many risks which she might otherwise have avoided; and thus it happened, one lovely starlit night, as she eagerly pursued a wild fawn over hill and through dale, that the daunt'ess maiden found herself suddenly checked in her fleet career by the ominous growl of a panther, which, crouching on a gigantic bough of an oak immediately in her path, was preparing to spring upon her as she passed.

Marie, at the fearful sight, would have fainted and been devoured in an instant. Monoma was of a different mould, and moreover accustomed to wilderness perils. She, therefore, as her quick eye caught sight of the crouching panther, manifested no symptom of alarm, but quietly swerved from the direction in which she was bounding, and sprang for the shelter of another tree at a few paces distance. She was thus saved for an instant, but only to be placed in increased danger by the anger of the animal, which, balked in its first design, hastened, by leaping to another tree, to gain a position where it could pounce upon the anticipated victim; for it is the nature of the panther or lynx to jump from a height upon its prey, thereby adding impetus to its strength, and generally so well measuring the distance of its spring as to be able to inflict a mortal hurt as soon as it reaches the object. So, now, scarcely had poor Monoma gained her refuge behind the tree, when the bough of another swayed with the wild beast's weight, and she beheld its inflamed eyes burning through the obscurity of the foliage.

Nevertheless, the Indian girl, far from giving way to despair, coolly placed an arrow in her bow, and let it fly at the animal, just as it made a furious spring towards her. The shaft entered one of the panther's eyes, so truly was it aimed, which caused the beast to fall short of the maiden, who adroitly slipped around the great tree.

But now the wood resounded with the horrible cry of the panther, as terribly galled by the shaft which still stuck in his bleeding eye, he dashed with terrible force at the tree where Monoma stood. And now it seemed that the noble Indian girl must fall at once a victim to the ferocious animal.

Providence, however, had ordered otherwise, and in this great strait, sent an unlooked for deliverance to the maiden; for, in the moment when she herself believed that no hope remained, a loud shout was heard close beside her, and immediately out sprung a man from the covert, and with a weapon in his hand, ran boldly at the panther, striking it full in the breast, and bearing its ponderous body against the tree, within a foot of Monoma herself. At the same moment another figure emerged from the thicket and advanced toward the tree.

"Well, Robin Ball, have you settled him?" demanded the new-comer, in a voice which made the heart of Monoma leap in her breast, for it spoke in the French tongue, and was perfectly intelligible to her.

"Mass! St. Elmo! but I think he is done for!" was the reply of Rob Ball, as he shook the dead panther from the heavy pike that St. Elmo had found on the shore, when he visited the scene of the wreck. The sharp steel head, driven by all the force of Robin Ball's violent charge, had penetrated beneath the wild animal's shoulder, and severed its heart, so that it fell dead immediately against the tree.

"Let us see, then, what manner of being you have rescued from the ferocious beast," said St. Elmo, stepping forward, while Monoma threw herself at the feet of Robin Ball, and in her sweet accents, thanked him in excellent French for his timely action which had saved her life.

Had some visitant dropped from the skies, Robin and St. Elmo could not have been more astonished than they were now, to hear the latter's native language spoken by an Indian Diana, who had just narrowly escaped death from an American tiger. It was not, therefore, to be marvelled at, that they both presently plied the young huntress with questions, or that they speedily learned of the relationship in which Monoma stood to the white race. On his part, feeling instinctively that he might trust the red maiden, St. Elmo informed her that himself and companion had dwelt for several months in a cavernous valley hard by, where they had built them a habitation in one of the caves, and there stored provisions and furs, the spoils of their chase in the surrounding wilds. Much Monoma wondered that she had never before encountered the white hunters, but the circumstance was accounted for by the fact that they had roamed the forest with great caution, never venturing far from their retreat, lest they should meet and be taken captive by savages, many bands of whom at divers times they had seen traversing the wilderness.

But what was Gabriel St. Elmo's surprise and joy, when Monoma informed him that one of his countrywomen had survived the wreck, and that the name of this one was Marie. The youth was nearly wild with delight, and might have embraced the Indian maiden in token of his feelings, had not the queenly Tisquontam's daughter, as she stood before him in her huntress costume, checked his exuberant manifestations. He implored, however, to be conducted at once to Marie, and testified such ardent emotion, repeating over and over the French maiden's name, that Monoma at once, with a woman's tact, perceived that the poor youth was desperately enamored of her fair young friend.

All this time, Robin Ball, who had saved the Indian girl's life, had remained gazing upon her sweet countenance, with a stare of blank wonder. So royal in her wild hunting garb, yet withal so benignly gentle and engaging did Monoma appear to the rude English seaman, that he could find no words which he deemed suitable to address her in reply to the gratitude that she had expressed for his opportune service; and it was not till, in answer to St. Elmo's earnest prayers to be conducted to Marie, Monoma had stepped forward to lead the way, that Robin could collect his faculties sufficiently to withdraw his gaze from her features. Then, heaving a sigh which seemed to shake his great heart, and wiping on the grass the bloody pike with which he had slain the panther, Robin Ball followed St. Elmo and the Indian maiden away from the glen, in the direction of Mannamoset and Tisquontam's islet wigwam.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SHOP OF THE DEAD.

A solitary Indian stood upon a lofty rock that frowned over the shores of the Connecticut, near the mouth of that beautiful river. His arms were crossed upon his broad bosom, and his tall form, towering in loneliness upon the ridge of the precipice, seemed like a statue wrought from the rock itself. It was Mattakan, the Pequod chieftain, but he was not alone.

For, reposing at the base of the rock, concealed in its shadow, lay nine swarthy sons of the forest, savages of the Pequod nation. They were the war-brethren of Mattakan, and sworn avengers of the Indian's wrongs.

Many moons had come and flitted since Outesie had been slain, with her babe in her arms; and during these months Mattakan had neither crossed the threshold of his nation's council-lodge, nor joined in hunt or war-expedition. But away from his tribe, along the shores of the big waters, and to the settlements of the pale-faces on the great Hudson, had the chieftain wandered, to behold the stranger ships as they came from the great ocean. For Mattakan nursed but one image in his memory—the form of the white man who had slain Outesie; he nursed but one desire—for vengeance on the murderer of his wife.

The chieftain's deserted wigwam mouldered in the forest; his babe pined among the Pequod squaws; but Mattakan beheld it not, till at length the child sickened and died. Then the father took it from his village, and buried it with Outesie, in the lonely grave beneath the oak tree. But Mattakan spoke big words no more in the councils of his tribe, nor smoked with the ancient braves, nor hearkened to the songs of Pequod maids. The life of his heart was no more; he had buried it with Outesie and her child.

But ever and anon, when the wandering chieftain returned from afar, he whispered low words to the brethren of his youthful days, and they bent their ears, listening to the tale of the white man's wrong, and then, grasping each other's hands, swore by the Great Spirit that they would revenge the death of Outesie. Then Mattakan and his nine war-brethren went forth from their nation, and roamed among other tribes, and afar to the white settlements, seeking evermore the murderer; till at length the pale-faces grew fearful at the dark looks of that Pequod band, and the white squaws hushed their children with the name of Mattakan, the Sanop of the Dead.

But Mattakan warred not against the innocent pale-faces who dwelt near the great sea, nor against those whose lodge-fires smoked in the forests. He waited in patience to discover the slayer of Outesie, for the Great Spirit had talked to him in dreams, and promised that he should one day stand face to face with his enemy. So Mattakan waited for revenge.

Nor, in good sooth, was the time far distant, when the wronged Indian was to encounter his desperate foeman; for Captain Pierre was even then not far from the shores whither the Pequod war-brethren had followed their leader. The brigantine had, it is true, pursued her expedition, and the place of Lopez, the Spaniard, had been speedily filled by another of the reckless crew, after which, for some months, they cruised upon the main; till at length it chanced that in an attack which Captain Pierre made upon the Spanish boats near Curasson, he encountered a resistance totally unlooked for; and though the pirates succeeded in capturing the trading boats, with a great store of merchandise, yet their own numbers were so thinned in the fight, that it became necessary for the Creole to retrace his course, and steer for some point where he could recruit the band. He dared not enter Curasson, or St. Thomas, near by, neither ventured he to the main coast opposite, since many of those Spaniards who manned the merchant boats had escaped from the combat, and the rover feared would give the alarm to men-of-war of their own country; in which case his own vessel might be shortly captured, and his own career ended on the scaffold. So, therefore, Captain Pierre deemed it his wisest course to shape at once for the north shores of America, and strive for recruits among the settlements of Virginia or Hudson's river, where he doubted not many restless spirits were to be found, disgusted with the hardships of emigrant life; more especially among those who had been, in times past, followers of Walter Raleigh and the other English adventurers. So happened it that the Creole arrived in his brigantine, and stood off near the straits of the ocean that lead into Hudson's water, about the same time that Mattakan, his enemy, was tarrying with his comrades at the mouth of the river Connecticut. So wondrous are the dispositions of Providence, which, when even known not, are working to the good and evil of mankind; according as their deserts do determine.

It was near eventide when Captain Pierre's vessel passed around the long island which lay at the entrance of the waters upon whose banks a few huts and a trading stockade, planted by Hollanders, marked the small beginnings of what was hereafter to grow into the great commercial metropolis of the New World. The rover had indeed steered for the Virginia coast, but, miscalculating his neighborhood, had run around the rocky capes at the northward, and found himself at night near the waters claimed by Dutch settlers. Accordingly he resolved to visit them, and perhaps after a profitable trade of his plundered cloths for beavers and other furs, to finish the expedition by another foray for slaves among the aborigines.

But the evening approached while yet the brigantine sounded through the unknown channel which she had entered, and as the sky gave no promise of a moonlit night, but rather wore a murky and unusual hue, the buccaneer resolved to cast anchor in the shelter of a jutting point, near which emptied into the sea a wide river, evidently rising far inland. So, when the evening grew darker, the shallop rode anchored upon the channel's edge, her trim hull motionless, and scarcely definable as it swayed sluggishly with the tide. One dim lantern hung over the bows, its flickering rays revealing a swivel gun there mounted; but all other portions of the brigantine were wrapped in the increasing obscurity of the night.

But though the weather's aspect was gloomy and unpromising, no sign of approaching tempest was observable; rather, it seemed, that a sluggish calm had dropped over land and water—one of those sultry calms, when life seems to stagnate, and all nature yields to apathy. Nevertheless, Captain Pierre and his reckless crew seemed little influenced by the heavy atmosphere, but, as they gathered with song and jest in the roundhouse of the brigantine, and quaffed deeply of Jamaica spirits, sweetened with the cane of St. Eustatia, appeared resolved on maintaining the soundness of the favorite, though questionable morality contained in one of their drinking songs—

"Nor care nor fear hath the buccaneer,
The headsman's stall he troubleth not—
He keepeth his prayer till he swingeth i'the air—
For he'll need it then if at all, God wot."

But better had it been for that roystering company had they watched with fear and care in those unknown waters; for they had then beheld, perchance, the dusky human form that swam cautiously about the shallop, and climbed to the anchor cable; and they had met, perhaps, the glare of those savage eyes which, through the open window of the roundhouse looked in on them with ominous glare, and were fixed upon the dark features of the Creole captain with a look of hate, deadly as the fascination of a serpent.

But no suspicion crossed the drunken minds of the rovers, as they plied their oars, and bandied jest and song. So, therefore, Mattakan the Pequod marked well the murderer of his wife, and then noiselessly as he had come, descended from the cable, and clove his way to shore beneath the sultry cloud that concealed the water like a pall.

Far into the night extended the revels of the buccaneers, their hoarse laughter mocking the solemn stillness of nature—the ominous unnatural stillness of all things else. For throughout that sultry night the waters remained sluggish and dark, not a breath of air rippling their surface; not a passing zephyr flapping the listless canvas. Motionless lay the brigantine upon the midnight sea.

And on the shore, likewise, brooded a similar nightmare stillness. Even when the grey morning gave signs of breaking no breeze arose to bear away the clouds; the birds remained silent, or dropped from their tree-top nests to the ground, or wheeled above in slow bewildered circles. The quiet over nature's face appeared, indeed, like the quiet of death, for it was that quiet pregnant with a deathly presentiment—the quiet that presages the earthquake's approach.

The tradition that tells of this first strange convulsion of nature known to New England chronicles is almost lost in the hazy history of two hundred and forty years. But still, in a few legends preserved in the white man's books, and more vividly in the unwritten stories still rife among the remnant of Eastern tribes, it yet lives—descending by the mouths of old men, who relate it in the language of their fathers—how the big waters upswelled, and then subsided into dead calmness; how then the voice of Maniton was heard in the heavens, and from the wood depths and caverns the wild breath of Hobbomocko replied to him; how the red man's corn was uptorn, and their dwellings made like canoes to swim upon the swollen waters; how hundreds and thousands of trees were uprooted—tall oaks and walnuts blown from their places, and wound up like withes by the hurricane; and then how, at last, the moon shrouded her face in the great darkness which followed, and medicine men shuddered, and soothsayers prophesied the doom of the Indian. The tradition yet lives of all this, though the historian scarce notices date or event.

Mattakan, as his stately form towered loftily amid the nine Pequod war-brethren, and his straining eyes watched the breaking of night's shadows around, could behold a heavy black cloud hanging like a pall over the broad mouth of Connecticut river—making darkness from the heavens to the ocean; and he knew that within the bosom of this cloud lay the brigantine of the pale faces. Descending to the river bank, followed by his Pequod braves, he pointed toward the spot, and then silently took his station in the prow of a canoe, which though apparently so slight that a child's finger might rock it, was yet of capacity sufficient to accommodate the ten Indians. Quickly a dozen paddles dashed aside the waters, though their plash was almost noiseless, and the dark birchen vessel shot out upon the wide river, unnoticeable in the thick gloom.

Afar at the east stretched a sickly yellow line, marking the struggling break of day, but in the west the ominous cloud before-mentioned mingled with a dense fog that arose from the river. Silently, and shrouded in the mist, crept the Pequod's canoe toward the hidden shallop of the stranger; while still the solemn and deathlike apathy brooded over the life of all things else, and the terrible immobility of nature was unbroken by breath or agitation.

Meanwhile Captain Pierre and his revelling companions continued unwearied their night's orgies. The Creole held aloft his foaming goblet, and trolled a reckless distich, whilst anon the laugh of his crew echoed the drunken strain. The watchmen on the brigantine's deck drew near to the round-house, joining in the mirth of their comrades, or exchanging with them some covert jest. But Captain Pierre as he thus made merry on these strange waters, remembered not the crimes that gathered darkly behind him during the five moons since he had arrived in the French ship off the headlands of Wollocar—recalled not his cruel desertion of the emigrants, his cold-blooded murder of the Indian wife, his attempted assassination of Robin Ball, and the kidnapping of Tisquontam and the red children. Yet, though all these wicked deeds had been committed within the space of a single summer, and in the clime where now his bark rode at anchor, Captain Pierre dreamed not that his presence had been traced with the unerring cunning of a savage, or that his revels that night were watched by Mattakan, avenger of the murdered Outesie. So he drank and revelled with his rover crew.

But what low plash was that beside the anchored shallop? What shadows were those which stole silently up the cables, and crouched in the shadow of the galley? Ah! the dead quiet remained unbroken by the watchman's alarm—naught had been seen by his drunken eyes.

But what glimmer as of angry eyes was that which suddenly intercepted the lanterns rays? The watch beheld it not, yet it marked the stealthy progress of Mattakan and his braves, as slowly and silently they crept toward the round-house, and drew near to the careless sentinels.

A wild, unearthly yell, rang upon the sluggish air, and then a shout, like the war cry of demons; then followed a struggle, a groan, and the watchmen were hurled backward upon the shallop's deck, their foreheads red with the mark of tomahawks.

The revellers in the round-house sprang to their feet, their laughter hushed, their songs checked. They beheld crouching at the door a half-dozen red men, and heard the Pequod war-whoop pealing through the brigantine. And foremost of the yelling savages, his wild eyes seeking but one object, Captain Pierre beheld Mattakan. The Creole recognized the stately warrior whom he had once seen upon the shores of Massachusetts bay. And at the same instant the chieftain's eyes encountered the slayer of his loved Outesie.

He had tracked the murderer to his lair, and the oath sworn at the grave of his wife would now be fulfilled. Many moons had Mattakan waited for this hour, and it had come at last.

Captain Pierre's quick glance ranged over the dark faces clustering around the Pequod chieftain, and then fell upon his own few men. The savages outnumbered the pale-faced crew, but what recked the buccaneer of that? He knew that his own stalwart arm and iron blade could sweep a red man to the deck with a single blow, and his fire-arms were all within reach. Yet he paused a moment dropping the point of his raised sword, and waving his hand, as if to invoke parley—

"Brothers!" he then said, in a low voice.

But Mattakan's brow grew dark as midnight.

"Outesie!" he cried in answer, and springing back from the round-house door, seized a pine-knot from one of his savage companions, and then plucking a hatchet from his wampum belt broke the glass that protected the binnacle lamp, whilst a yell of the Pequods, and a sudden rush of all toward the round-house, cast the white men at once upon their defence.

But Captain Pierre, as he beat back the first Indian who advanced, kept his eyes fixed upon the motions of Mattakan, and beheld the chief ignite the resinous wood which he held, and then, as its blaze streamed wildly out, cast it among the cordage and sails that flapped heavily against the masts of the brigantine. In an instant thereafter a besom of flame swept the rigging and overspread the deck as with a woof of fire, whilst beneath the red and white combatants confronted each other, their wild countenances illumined by the light that streamed far across the gloomy waters. With foot advanced, and hatchet brandished above his head, pressed Mattakan in their midst, and opposing him, with bronzed brow shining in the red gleam, stood his enemy the Creole. It was but for one moment, however, that the antagonists thus remained; the next, uttering a fierce yell, the Pequods mingled with their foes.

Captain Pierre cast his back against the solid lockers of the round-house, and with a sweep of his heavy sword struck the foremost Indian bleeding to the deck. Then white and red met, and presently interlocked in furious struggles for mastery.

But as the crowding enemies mingled, Mattakan, the Sanop of the Dead, sprang before his brethren, and hurled his tomahawk full at the white captain's forehead. It struck the iron blade of the Creole's sword, and fell harmless to the deck. But already the Pequod had grappled with his foe.

But what meaneth that dismal shiver of the waters around the brigantine? Whence that moaning rush of wind through the forests that skirt the river's mouth? Truly doth the black cloud that filled the heavens now sink suddenly down, swallowing the yellow line of morning.

The earthquake! the hurricane!

It rushed suddenly from the forest caves—it swept up from the river's mouth—it fell darkly from the heavens—at once, and terribly.

The waves uprose like a boiling caldron—the water rocked to and fro, and the slight vessel was lifted in the air. Her masts groaned and snapped, and the burning sails streamed afar like banners of fire. Then came a rock and heaving swell, and a horrible crash around the entire horizon, and then a hundred lightnings leaped from the sable cloud, and the roaring of multitudinous thunders seemed blent in the one fierce throb of earth, sea, and sky.

The hatchets of the Indians fell upon the bloody deck, and their fingers loosed the gripe of quivering scalps. The white men likewise paused affrighted at the new peril which threatened them.

But the next moment fell the stroke of the hurricane, and the brigantine rolled over in the trough of the sea. The swelling waters mounted in an immense wave, and swept her decks of red men and pale-faces; the hurricane clove her like the sudden sweep of a sword, and ere a cry of horror could be raised the grappling combatants were buried beneath the black waters. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BLACK BOOK.

Under the head of "The Lurking Literature of London," an English journal gives an account of various documents, printed but never published, and more or less privately circulated, for the benefit of particular classes of the community. Among the most curious of these is the following:

"The last specimen of lurking literature to which we shall allude, is a periodical work, to which we shall give the name of the Black Book. This is a work of portentous importance and signification, of which ninety-nine out of a hundred of our readers have never had a sight, and of which, moreover, let them labor to that end as they may, they will never succeed in getting a glimpse. Who are its editor, printer, and publisher? we cannot say; the whole business is got through with a secrecy as marvellous as the appearance and clandestine distribution of the work itself are regular. What is the extent of its circulation, no man knows, but it must be considerable, for the expense of its production is great; yet, so far are the proprietors from making any attempt to push it with the public, that its very existence is guarded as a secret from all but the subscribers, and if inquiry is made for it by a stranger, it is universally ignored. The reason is, that every line of the book is a libel—all the more offensive and hateful, in that every line is also a truth. The Black Book is, in a word, a comprehensive register, inexorably posted up day by day, of every man and woman in the metropolis who has ever been known to break faith, through either vice, imprudence or misfortune, in a monetary matter. The register dates, to our own knowledge, to ten years back, and very probably to twice that period. To the merchant, the man of business, and the speculator, it is an invaluable record of commercial character, because it is a general directory of defaulters under all the phases in which default is possible. Every bankrupt's commercial history, with all the particulars interesting to a creditor, is down at full length; the amount for which he failed—the amount of his assets—the cause of failure, whether extravagance, speculation, decline of business, or the failure of others—the amount of the dividend he paid—whether he got a certificate; if so, whether or not his certificate was opposed; and what class certificate he did get. Then there is a compendious catalogue of names in close columns, with their addresses, of all sham and shuffling and failing securities; whether to loan societies—these alone amount to many thousands—or to credit transactions in any shape. There is the endless list of all those who have dishonored a bill, with its amount, the date of its notification, and whether it was eventually discharged or not; and of all those who have given a bill of sale or a power of attorney upon their property. There is analogous information of every kind respecting the constitution of companies, the cash character of their promoters, agents and responsible parties—in short, there is every item and atom of intelligence that can possibly be derived from public documents and the most rigid private investigation, which may prove serviceable to business houses by enabling them to distinguish, so far as that can be done by the teachings of experience, between men of substance and character, and men of straw and no character. The Black Book is thus a book of doom to multitudes who know nothing of its existence, and who would be horror-struck if they were to see, after the lapse of years, the figure they cut in its columns. The uses of the book are obvious, and, managed as it is, with a circulation strictly guarded and private—for not a leaf of it is ever exposed to view, even to the most prying eye—it is, in our opinion, a perfectly justifiable document. The knowledge that such a compilation exists, need not, however, be kept a secret. The trading and speculating world will manage their affairs none the worse for knowing that a watchful eye marks their operations, and will assuredly chronicle their breaches of faith. The consciousness of this fact will be a timely providence to more than a few, and it may explain to some the mystery of that uniform repulse they meet with in their attempts to raise the wind by the most promising schemes."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$2,50 not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,		$5,00 a year.
8 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	10,00 "
20 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	25,00 "
30 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	37,50 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The English and French armies in the Crimean war were each commanded by their own chiefs, who occupied a footing of equality. Unity of action was obtained by discussion in council.

A correspondent asks what will remove hair from the skin without injury to the latter. Will some one say?

Another correspondent wants a cure for that disease in cattle known as "hollow horn."

We respectfully decline the communication of our correspondent from Crestline, Ohio, only because it is too *local* in its details. A simple statement of the most prominent facts connected with the past and present of the town—such facts as might be supposed to have a *general* interest—would be preferred.

BELLA NOTT. Respectfully declined.

THE NOMINATIONS.

The result of the deliberations of the Democratic National Convention at Cincinnati, was the adoption of a Platform, and the nomination of James Buchanan, of Pa., for the office of President, and of Robert J. Breckenridge, of Ky., for the office of Vice President of the United States.

We are but expressing the general sentiment in this part of the country, when we say that the above were the most popular nominations that the Convention probably could have made. Mr. Buchanan is generally regarded as one of the safest of the politicians now prominent in the Democratic party—and as *by nature*, at least, averse to carrying his sentiments upon either the foreign or domestic policy of the country to dangerous extremes. Of Mr. Breckenridge less is known, but he is commonly considered a man of fine talents and generous impulses. The Cincinnati Commercial sketches his personal appearance as follows:

Near the eastern aisle, and within a few seats of the front—on the western side of the aisle—sits John C. Breckenridge, the impersonation of Democratic Kentucky chivalry, who won a high position in the last Congress, and declined to be a candidate for re-election. He is a tall and gracefully formed young man, with delicate features, and would be singularly handsome if his profile line were more prominent. Looking at him sideways, his forehead, nose and chin are nearly in a straight line. But his eye beams with intelligence, his nose is handsome in outline, and the habitual compression of his lips indicates a resolute will. On the whole, there is a poetic glimmer about him. And that there is something of this in his character, the fact that he has purchased an island in Lake Superior, *for a summer home*, would indicate. His manner in speaking is proud, defiant, and full of passion, tempered by educated discretion.

In relation to the Platform upon which these gentlemen stand, it embodies pretty decidedly all the policy of the present Administration. It endorses unequivocally the repeal of the Missouri Compromise—broadly hints that the Free State men in Kansas are rebels—declares that the famous Monroe doctrine, as to the proper meaning of which hardly any two politicians agree, "admits of no misconstruction," and "should be applied with unbending rigidity"—squints very perceptibly at the annexation (as soon as possible) of Cuba and Central America, and commends the conduct of Gen. Walker and the other "people" of Nicaragua. The delegates of the Southern States along the Atlantic seaboard, appear to have squirmed considerably under the weight of the filibustering portions of the Platform; but as the language is rather ambiguous, they probably will reconcile themselves to the objectionable passages by interpreting them in a perfectly conservative and constitutional manner. A resolution relative to a post-road between the Western States and California, was at first voted down, but afterwards reconsidered and adopted. It contains a constitutional proviso, which may amount to everything or nothing, as the Constitution should happen to be interpreted.

The most equivocal passages of the Platform, so far as the foreign policy of the country is concerned, are the following:—

2. *Resolved*, That our geographical and political position with reference to other States of the Continent, no less than the interests of our commerce and the development of our growing power, require that we hold to the sacred principles involved in the Monroe doctrine. Their bearing and import, which *admit of no misconstruction, should be applied with unbending rigidity.*

3. *Resolved*, That the great highway which nature, as well as the assent of the States most immediately interested in its maintenance, has marked for a free communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, constitutes one of the most important achievements realized by the spirit of modern times and the unconquerable energy of our people, and that this result should be secured by a timely and efficient exertion of the control which we have the *right* to claim over it. *No power on earth should be suffered to impede or clog its progress by any interference with the relations that it may suit our policy to establish with the governments of States within whose dominions it lies. We can, under no circumstances, surrender our preponderance in the adjustment of all questions arising out of it.*

4. *Resolved*, That in view of so commanding an interest, the people of the United States, cannot but sympathize with the efforts which are being made by the people of Central America to regenerate that portion of the Continent which covers the passage across the Interoceanic Isthmus.

5. *Resolved*, That the Democratic party will *expect from the next administration that every proper effort be made to secure our ascendancy in the Gulf of Mexico*, so as to maintain the permanent protection of the great outlets through which is emptied into its waters the products raised on the soil and the commodities created by the industry of the people of our western valleys and the Union at large.

In what manner Mr. Buchanan will construe the above passages of the platform, can only be inferred from his antecedents. Those antecedents are generally of a cautious and peaceable character—with the exception of the recent proceedings at the Ostend Conference. Upon that occasion it will be remembered, he signed his name, as Minister to England, to a manifesto containing the following passages:—

"While *two-thirds* of the price of the island would be ample for the completion of *her* (Spain's) most important public improvements, she might, with the *remaining forty millions*, satisfy the demands now pressing so heavily upon her credit, and erect a sinking fund which would gradually relieve her from the overwhelming debt now paralyzing her energies."

"Our past history forbids that we should acquire the Island of Cuba without the consent of Spain, unless justified by the great law of self-preservation. We must, in any event, preserve our own conscious rectitude and our own self-respect.

Whilst pursuing this course, we can afford to disregard the censures of the world, to which we have been so often and so unjustly exposed.

After we shall have offered Spain a price for Cuba far beyond its present value, ($120,000,000,) and this shall have been refused, it will then be time to consider the question—does Cuba, in the possession of Spain, seriously endanger our internal peace and the existence of our cherished Union?

Should this question be answered in the affirmative, then, by every law, human and Divine, we shall be justified in wresting it from Spain, if we possess the power. And this upon the very same principle that would justify an individual in tearing down the burning house of his neighbor, if there were no other means of preventing the flames from destroying his own home.

Under such circumstances we ought neither to count the cost, nor regard the odds which Spain might enlist against us. We forbear to enter into the question whether the present condition of the Island would justify such a measure. We should, however, be recreant to our duty, be unworthy of our gallant forefathers, and commit base treason against our posterity, should we permit Cuba to be Africanized, and become a second St. Domingo, with all its attendant horrors to the white race, and suffer the flames to extend to our neighboring shores, seriously to endanger, or actually to consume the fair fabric of our Union."

It is very evident that if Mr. Buchanan interprets the foreign policy of the Cincinnati platform as in accordance with his own views as expressed at Ostend,—and attempts, if elected, to carry those views into practical effect—he will have a conflict with the allied forces of Great Britain, France and Spain on his hands before he is well aware of it. Whatever others may think of such a conflict, and however desirable the filibustering and "b'hoy" portion of the community might regard it, we confess that, for ourselves, we think either France or England quite as powerful an antagonist as we need wish to have at any one time.

It was generally considered at Cincinnati that Mr. Buchanan's nomination was almost equivalent to an election. This view is probably correct, unless the opposition in the Free States should be able to unite upon one man, or at least upon one electoral ticket in each State. If Mr. Fillmore should be kept in the field, he probably would succeed in carrying at least three or four of the Southern States; as his views upon the foreign policy of the country would be generally considered safer and more conservative than those of Mr. Buchanan, while his sentiments upon domestic affairs would be equally acceptable.

It is evident, therefore, that a clear view of the field cannot be obtained until after the meeting of the American Anti-Fillmore Convention in New York, on the 12th, and of the Republican Convention in this city, on the 17th. Should both these Conventions unite upon the same candidate—either Judge McLean or Col. Fremont—and should Fillmore electoral tickets not be formed as a general thing in the Northern States, the contest, instead of an easy walking over the course, may be one of the most desperately contested and exciting ones which has ever been known in the country.

LAGRANGE AND GOTTSCHALK.

On Wednesday evening, June 4th, the Philadelphia concert-goers were regaled with yet another fine musical entertainment by Madame Anna De Lagrange, Mr. Gottschalk, and Signor Cesare Badiali. In our former notice of a former concert we said our say, briefly, but sufficiently, on the merits of the first two artists above named. It seems hardly necessary that we should add another word to remarks which expressed a feeling we have not yet found reason to change. We lay no claim to the capacity for estimating music scientifically, in the style of the dilettantes. The London *Punch* recently ridiculed in its own trenchant, inimitable manner the prevalent style of musical criticism. It was just ridicule. We rate the mere scientific criticism, with all its hair-splittings and affectations of discrimination, very low indeed. All musical effects appeal to the poetic sense for judgment, and by that sense alone should their claims be tried. Any person, no matter how destitute of culture, whose soul is "moved by concord of sweet sounds," is capable of deciding upon the merits of a musical performance. The difference between such a person and one who has musical education, is simply that the latter is able to say why he is pleased, and the former is not. But the lack of analytical power does not at all imply a corresponding lack of appreciation.

The programme on the occasion we refer to, was a decided improvement on that of the preceding concert. The pieces selected had more melody, if not less art, than the pieces previously given. We have already spoken so decidedly of Madame Lagrange's great powers of vocalization that it is unnecessary to add a single leaf to the full garland of her praise. What we deem the faults of her vocalization are in reality due to the compositions she renders. Our quarrel is not with the artist, but with the composer. Her office is to execute faithfully what is written in the score. She does it, and does it with a melody and skill that are all her own.

We have said before that Mr. Gottschalk is a Master of his instrument. On that point there can be nothing more to say. You cannot pay a fuller tribute to a man by giving vent to the numerous epithets and adjectives of praise, when you have spoken the one word that includes them all. The delicacy—the brilliancy—the facility of his execution—the perfect familiarity with, and mastery of, his instrument—are frankly, fully, and fairly conceded. His merits as a composer, and the character of his compositions, constitute another question. In these regards, we are still sorry we cannot endorse and exalt the claims his friends make for him. He composes wonderful, intricate, difficult things—severe tests of instrumentation—but they seem to us no more. The soul of melody is not in them. Do we object to fanciful, or even fantastic compositions? Not at all. The highest genius is in the goblin music of Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream—the very soul of music lives in those swarmings and litterings—that melodious elfin dance and multitudinous carol of tones—the wierd streamings, and sighings, and haunted echoes of that euphony. We regret that we can perceive no such quality in Mr. Gottschalk's fantasias.

But why prolong the strain? We have, perhaps, already too fully exposed our own incapacity for just judgment. *Quantum sufficit.* But we have said what we have said in no carping or ungenerous spirit. Our criticism is well and fairly meant. To say flattering things is to say hurtful things. Insincere kindness is sincere cruelty. The highest tribute you can pay a man's manhood is to speak to his face what you think is the truth of him; for it implies that you know him too well to dread that offence will follow your plain-speaking. As with the man, so with the artist.

But Badiali? What shall be said of the magnificent voice that never yet disappointed an audience—the execution that has no short-comings—the artist that invariably fills you from the core of your heart to the tips of your fingers, and from the crown of your head to the ends of your toes with supreme, unmingled satisfaction? We have never heard his rival. The splendor and strength of his baritone is only equalled by his dramatic power as an actor. His rendering of the *buffo* in the duet with Madame Lagrange from *Don Pasquale*—who shall properly praise its "infinite jest" and most exquisite humor? But his greatest triumph was in the aria from Verdi's *Attila*. To see the stately port of his gigantic form—the enthusiasm and the strength of his gestures and expressions—was to forget his citizen's garb, the time, the place, and to dream you saw in reality the warrior Hun whose tread made history tremble. And to hear the deep, sonorous power of that profound voice—the long, steady, melodious blasts of that baritone, rising, streaming upward, clear and strong as the blare of the Hunnish horns—was to hear what you shall seldom hear from other than Badiali. We sincerely hope that this is not, as our announcement, the veteran's last appearance in Philadelphia. There is many another we could better spare.

☞ We call the attention of our agricultural readers to the advertisement of the Improved Self Adjusting Hay Elevator.

ONE TERM.

There is an impression widely spread that the Constitution limits the period during which the same man may occupy the office of President of the United States, to three terms, each of four years. This, however, is an error—there being no limitation of the kind in the Constitution. Practically, as the result of the precedent set by Washington, two terms are the most during which any man can hold that high office—and only a second Washington, so far as popularity is concerned, probably ever will be able to set that honored precedent at defiance.

But of late years, the tendency of public opinion is rather towards the policy of a single term, than even towards the two terms sanctioned by the practice of Washington. It is observed how invariably a newly elected President begins to shape his actions and policy with a view to a renomination. How, instead of regarding his plighted faith to those that elected him, and adhering to the principles which he had asserted during the canvass, he commences a course of intrigue to attach powerful influences to his standard, and guides both the foreign and domestic policy of the country more with a view to his own immediate popularity than to the great and permanent interests of the nation.

To avoid this, it naturally has occurred to many, to do away with a second term—to have only one term, and that either of four, six, or eight years, as may be thought most expedient.

We confess, for our own part, that we have no very high opinion of the merits of this proposition. It appears to us like an attempt to cure a heart-deep disease, by a merely superficial remedy; and too much on a par with the famous plan for preventing the crows from eating the outside rows of corn—by having no outside rows.

The truth is, that no mere change of constitutional regulations will prevent the meanness of men from manifesting itself in some way. If you cram it up in one direction, it will only break out in another. As things are, it takes the shape of making the good of the country subservient to the prospects of a second election. Surrounded by a constant circle of parasites, perhaps there never was a one-term President who did not fully believe that his renomination by his own party was a fixed thing, and his re-election by the people almost as certain. Not till his amazed eyes glance upon the ballotings in the National Convention, can he believe that hundreds have so systematically played him false, and that he has sacrificed reputation, conscience, and even his country, as far as he could do so, with no other reward than to be duped, betrayed, and abandoned.

But, supposing there was no second term—what then? The bold, bad man who now sacrifices everything to secure his re-election according to the Constitution, might then put everything at peril to secure a re-election in disregard of the Constitution. The country might needlessly be plunged into foreign war, in order to create a *necessity*—always "the tyrant's plea"—for thus setting the Constitution at defiance; and in order that mercenaries might be enlisted, ostensibly against a foreign enemy, but really in aid of a domestic foe.

Many doubtless will cry impossible to such a supposition; but the reflective man and the student of history well know that what has happened in the past may easily happen in the future. They know that the substance of Despotism may easily be inserted under the forms and appellations of Liberty—and that only when Despotism becomes securely established, does it venture to throw first off, and then aside, the cap and garments of liberty which it has traitorously worn.

Many reflective men do not consider the question of the capacity of the American people to preserve a Republican form of Government, at all settled by an experience of only eighty years. A century is as nothing in the life of a nation. We speak now of the occupation of England by the Romans as a mere event of a day; and yet that occupation lasted about five hundred years.

Few political axioms are more firmly based, than that which holds liberty to be possible just in proportion to the Intelligence and Virtue of a nation. Every people must have its checks, to repress excesses of various kinds, either outward or inward. Just in proportion as inward checks do not exist, in the form of correct ideas of Justice, of Truth, of Freedom—in one word of Unselfishness—must outward checks be substituted. Individuals morally and intellectually insane, are not allowed to harm others and themselves, under any general notion that they would be deprived of their liberty if we restrained them. And any collection of individuals that become generally insane, ultimately always are restrained, in the same manner, by other nations, or by an uprising of the saner classes among themselves;—at least such are the teachings of history.

The great question therefore now being determined in these United States is simply this—Are the American people wise and good enough to govern themselves? Our poets, preachers, orators and statesmen are doing the country much harm by generally taking it for granted that a short experience of eighty years has answered that momentous question. They have inflated the people with self-conceit, when they should have made them feel, to their inmost souls, the deep responsibility of their position. They have played the flatterer to the sovereign people, and told them, as courtiers always tell their sovereigns, that they can do no wrong. They have quoted to them that blasphemous maxim *Vox Populi vox Dei*—the voice of the People is the voice of God—when they should have pointed them to whole nations swept to perdition as with the besom of destruction, because they had forgotten the Highest, and His great command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, mind and might, and thy neighbor as thyself."

Why, just think of it—it is told the people by their statesmen and politicians daily, that the majority are always right, when the religion which these very statesmen and politicians profess so highly to regard and venerate, says: "Straight is the gate, and narrow is the way which leads to life eternal, and *few* there be which find it; but wide is the gate, and broad the way which leadeth to destruction, and *many* there be which go in thereat."

There is a text for demagogues to consider a little—and for the people to consider, when demagogues are striving to fill their hearts with that pride which goes before a fall.

Now while we admit the justice of the practical rule, in a Republic, that the majority of the voters should govern,—we do not hesitate to say that there is always a minority in every Republic whose principles and practice are nearer the True and Right than those of the majority. Why, look at it—there never was a reform in the world, either in science or art or morals, which did not at first commence with an apparently hopeless minority of *one*. Galileo, when he first said that the sun did not move around the earth, had all the world against him. Put it to the vote, and he would have been as a grain of sand to Chimborazo—but, year by year, his followers increased in numbers, until every civilized man now agrees with him—three-fourths of us, even now, accepting the statement upon the mere say-so of an educated and enlightened few. And so with all moral and religious reforms—including even, with reverence be it spoken, Christianity itself. Why the Scribes and Pharisees would have outvoted the early Christians by a tremendous majority—but, in the course of ages, multitudes are nothing, Truth is everything. With it, "one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight."

But, to return to the Presidency, and the proposed remedy of One Term, we hold, for the reasons stated, that the Constitution is better as it is. Better that our Presidents, at the end of a *single* term, should appear as Dupes and Fools, than as Tyrants. The meanness must come out, and this is as innocent a development as any other.

Of course the true remedy is to elect truly noble and virtuous men to the office of President. But, to do this, we must have a truly noble and virtuous people. To put availability out of the question, when nominating a candidate for office, is the height of folly—but, if nobleness and virtue were common, men possessing these qualities would be the most available. That the best men have to be laid aside as too good for the masses of the people, is not the fault so much of those who lay them aside, as of the popular feeling which necessitates it.

Well, the real battle is now between our Churches, Lecture Rooms and Common Schools on the one hand, and Ignorance, Prejudice and Selfishness on the other. Which will triumph is still an undecided question. How the conflict is going, can be told infallibly by the great political thermometer at Washington. There we see the country, as it is, on a small scale. All the ruling influences are there accurately represented. If the Executive, Judicial and Legislative officers of the Government are growing wiser and purer from year to year, then undoubtedly are the people as a whole growing better. If they are growing more corrupt, then are the people, as a whole, becoming yearly more ignorant and wicked. There is no evading the force of these conclusions—and it is important that every man in the country should have the truth brought home to him. That all should know and clearly comprehend this great truth, that if the Executive and Legislative Representatives of the People seem to be becoming from year to year less qualified for Rulers, it is an unquestionable proof that the People themselves are becoming yearly less fitted for Self Government.

THE PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

Many of our readers doubtless know that a number of seceders from the society of Friends, principally from the "Hicksite" branch, have formed themselves into a religious association with the title of "The Progressive Friends." These "Progressives" are more ultra in their opposition to slavery and intemperance than the Friends proper. A correspondent of the Woman's Record, who recently attended one of their meetings, further says:—

What delighted me most, was to hear the hearty acknowledgments made by those broad-brimmed and long-tail-coated brothers, as to their error in heretofore denouncing the different amusements which afford such delightful recreation, as music, dancing, and the drama, which now they confessed might be temperately indulged in with benefit to both soul and body. Quite an able production on the subject, by Oliver Johnson, was read, which will appear in the Annual Report, to be issued in a few days.

This is a progressive age, sure enough. For our part, we always considered it one of the strangest things in the world, that such a very *sensible* society as the Friends, could ever bring themselves to proscribe music and dancing, at proper hours, and in moderation—when David "danced before the Lord," and played on the harp, and there are so many other sanctions given to music in the Scriptures. We are afraid George Fox must utterly have lacked an ear for music.

GENERAL WALKER'S MANNER OF CONDUCTING A FREE GOVERNMENT.—The newspaper organ of Gen. Walker, *El Nicaraguense*, in its issue of May 14th, thus explains the manner in which that great "*Republican*" obtains supplies from the disaffected portion of his beloved "people:"

"The General, having wisely concluded that the enemies of peace and their own country shall furnish their full quota of support to those who are endeavoring to establish the prosperity and peace of the State upon a solid basis, there has been lately no want of wholesome food for our men, and consequently no murmuring is heard on account of empty stomachs, and hard fare. The steamer Virgin has been plying for several days between this port and Ometepec, whence we have received provisions, horses and cattle, and a few subjects for 'tight rope performances,' unless they can prove themselves innocent of the charges preferred against them."

It appears from the above that there *had been* "murmurings on account of empty stomachs and short fare"—and the General, having no money to buy provisions, concluded to "annex" them. The "subjects for tight-rope performances," were probably those who objected to parting with their property without being paid for it. It is evident that that kind of Republicanism which declares "that private property shall not be taken for public use without compensation," has not yet been introduced into Nicaragua.

WASHINGTON TROUBLES.—Louis Fitzgerald Tasistro, the quondam author of "Random Shots and Southern Breezes," who for many years has held the office of Translator in the State Department at Washington, has resigned his office in consequence of a difficulty with Count Sartiges, the French Minister. Certain communications in a newspaper, written by a Washington correspondent, understood to be Mr. Tasistro, which reflected severely on the conduct of the foreign representatives in their intercourse with our society and public men, were sent to Count Sartiges, *sealed with the seal of the State Department*. Count Sartiges called on Mr. Marcy in great indignation, and was not appeased until Mr. Tasistro, who denies having sent the newspaper to Count Sartiges, resigned his office.

CONGRESSIONAL.—Congress has been enjoying the interregnum consequent on the absence of so many of its members at the Cincinnati Convention. Nothing has been done for the past week but the meeting of some dozen members, and an immediate adjournment. As a consequence, nobody during the last few days has been either killed or wounded.

New Publications.

THE PIAZZA TALES. By HERMAN MELVILLE. Dix & Edwards, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

These tales were originally published in Putnam's Magazine, and their achieved there reputation with the reading public. The best of them are "Benito Cereno" and "The Encantadas." The whole book is a great improvement on the ridiculous and ambiguous "Pierre." But there is something the matter with Melville. Everything, or nearly everything, we have had from his pen since "Typee" and "Omoo," has shown great deterioration. He is fantastic in thought, and inaccurate in expression. The opening sketch which preludes these tales—the Piazza—is but an echo of the strange insanity and jargon of Pierre. We must, however, be thankful that the strain is not prolonged, but soon melts away into the real romance and unaffected narrative of that fine tale, "The Encantadas."

THE HUNDRED DIALOGUES, NEW AND ORIGINAL, FOR READING AND EXHIBITION IN SCHOOLS, ACADEMIES AND PRIVATE CIRCLES. By WILLIAM BENTLEY FOWLE. Morris Cotton, Boston. For sale by Hayes & Bell, Phila.

Mr. Fowle is already well known as the author of "Familiar Dialogues," "The Common School Speaker," "The Bible Reader," and other valuable school books. Such a work as the present has long been a desideratum—school dialogues being in great demand, and great scarcity, as well. The want is now filled by this book, which we judge to be very well done, and extremely valuable to all schools. It has the commendation of many teachers, and other persons interested in education, in its favor.

A MEMOIR OF THE REV. LEIGH RICHMOND, A. M., of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Rector of Turvey, Bedfordshire. By the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe, A. M. Henry S. Getz, Philadelphia.

ASPENWOLD. Livermore & Rudd, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A KEY TO THE BIBLE, BEING AN EXPOSITION OF THE HISTORY, AXIOMS, AND GENERAL LAWS OF SACRED INTERPRETATION. By David Dobie. C. Scribner, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

THE THREE GARDENS; EDEN, GETHSEMANE, AND PARADISE, OR MAN'S RUIN, REDEMPTION, AND RESTORATION. By William Adams, D. D. C. Scribner, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

HISTORY OF EUROPE FROM THE FALL OF NAPOLEON, IN 1815, TO THE ACCESSION OF LOUIS NAPOLEON, IN 1852. By SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

We have here two large volumes of an unstated number yet to come, which will contain the eventful history of thirty seven European years. Alison's merits as a historian have been so well established by his former achievements in the historic fields, that we feel it safe to say no library can be considered complete that has not his works in its alcoves. His excellencies and his faults are already well known, and while the former are the results of a clear, fair, practical, and veracious intellect, and a candid character, the latter are rather consequent from the High-Tory stand point at which he writes, than from any inherent disposition to view things in false colors. We can always put faith in his knowledge, though we are forced often to deny his deductions. We can trust his facts, though we are obliged to doubt his philosophy. The Master of History has not yet arrived. The world has yet to see the historian who shall view the life and events of nations in their relations to broad and universal laws—who shall choose his place of view above all parties, all sects, all institutions, all the lower interests, the prejudices and the passions of his time—and above the selfishness of patriotism, the vain glory of nationality, on the lofty table-lands of a common Humanity, where the transitions and actions of courts and kings and armies appear but as a part of mighty movements in which the multitudinous race in its every degree are also employed. Such a historian will be not only an able statesman, a calm observer, a veracious voice, but he will be also a wise and loving man. He will love not only his own land and people, but the world and human kind. He will discriminate between the forms which are fleeting and the substances which endure. He will educe from the transitory and ever-changing pageant of the nations' life, the immutable principles which govern the nations, and which, in their regard or disregard, are the indexes of the nations' welfare or decline. The philosophy of his history shall issue from an unceasing perception of the Moral Law, regnant and supreme above the events of Time. The changeless facts of Man's nature—the central religious principle around which they revolve in their courses, as the planets around the sun—shall be ever before him. The constant lesson of his pages shall be, Righteousness exalteth a nation, and Sin bringeth a people low! His allegiance shall be, not to a confederacy, but to the one Humanity.

To such an Ideal, of all modern historians, such men as Dr. Arnold and (though imperfect and chaotic) Carlyle, are the nearest approximations. Alison does not approach it at all. In these volumes, for instance, he ascribes, in passing, the fall of the Roman Empire not to slavery, heathenism, and moral corruption, but to a decline of the currency. But the causes of a nation's ruin underlie the mere occasions for that ruin. The glory of a people is one thing, and their greatness quite another. Had Roman character retained its probity, its justice, its dignity, and its simplicity, Rome would have been unconquerable. Certain centuries of wrong-doing logically led the nation to those very economical measures which failed it in the hour of trial. Base sacrifices of enduring justice to present interests—of virtue to power—of Right to Expediency—prolonged through ages, were the real causes of the decay of Rome. The souls of down-trodden nations lived again in the storm of Huns that swept away the gorgeous fabric of the Empire. The nation's first sin against Humanity was the fruitful germ of the nation's doom. The sudden contraction of the circulating medium of society was but the agent which wrought the ruin, but the power which directed the agent was the power of the Inexorable Law of God which thus repaid a thousand years of crime. That a historian should find no profounder reason for the overturn of an Empire than a sudden depreciation of the value of the circulating metals, and forget to trace back to first causes through the complex processes of that Empire's life, the reason why that value could thus depreciate, and that he should by implication lay it down as a principle, that as long as we keep the currency straight, it does not much matter to a people's prosperity what other things are suffered to go crooked, argues in him a decided superficiality, which we may reasonably expect to find prevailing throughout all his views, and which we do accordingly find in Mr. Alison's. Sir William Jones—himself a scholar, thinker, statesman, of at least Mr. Alison's eminence—could tell us as the result of all his thought and lore, that the real strength and perpetuity of a country lies, not in its armies, navies, physical defences, wealth, and resources, but in its possession of true and high-minded men. To have such is the essential thing, after all. Having such, judicious statesmanship follows inevitably. All true wisdom, of every degree, has its root in virtue. And between the lids of the Saxon Bible, in the book of Isaiah, we find a more profound and comprehensive insight to the causes of the ruin or the prosperity of states and kingdoms, than in all the writings of all the Mammonite statesmen, Mr. Alison included, put together.

We have not space for any extended review of the work, and have, perhaps, said too much on a single point thereof. But our criticism on this point applies to the general character of the history. The work is the production of an eminent party man belonging to a party whom Dickens has well satirized in Sir Leicester Dedlocks, and Sir William Buffys, and Lord Barnacles—a party whose short-sighted principles and policy have loaded England with a heavy weight of wrongs and shames—from whom the English people have wrung slowly, century after century, with toil and pain, the fragments of rights, which make them happier and their country a better place to live in—and from whom our own ancestors tore our own rights in the protracted struggle of the Revolution.

Nevertheless the work is of much value, and has sterling merits. It has great fairness and accuracy of statement; is written with simplicity, though sometimes bordering on triteness; has passages of eloquence and pictorial power; shows wide and varied reading and patient research; and is arranged with taste and method.

Not its least interesting portions are its estimates of the various literary, artistic, and scientific men and women of the period, which, though formed with a limited poetic appreciation, are yet, for the main part, just and intelligent.

THE NEW ARK OF GOLD; OR, THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ROBERT DEXTER ROMAINE. Written by Himself. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

This is a finely told story of the Robinson Crusoe school of literature. It is narrated with much verisimilitude, and is very entertaining. The hero, Mr. Romaine, lands, after shipwreck, on an uninhabited island, as Robinson did, but, happier than he, has for his companion, not a man Friday, but a beautiful young lady, Miss Alice Cremorne, with whom he lives for a long time, and who finally consents to become his wife. A bear, named Hamlet, is their companion and friend, and is, in his own way, a decided character. The staple of the romance is the life and adventures of this new Adam and Eve in their tropic Eden. It is forcibly and elegantly written, and has delightful pages to dream over.

ARITHMETICS: A THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL TREATISE ON ARITHMETIC. THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL. By ELIAS LOOMIS, L.L. D. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

Arithmetic is commonly, of all studies, the one which most perplexes the young mind. Perhaps the reason is that it is seldom taught scientifically. The common method of imparting this branch of knowledge presumes too much on the learner's faculty of comprehension. The present work aims at a more judicious method. Its attempt is to develope the principles of the science in their natural order; to demonstrate its rules with brevity, but with clearness, and to lead the student to habits of reasoning in his studies. We commend the treatise to the examination of parents and teachers seeking "the most excellent way."

POEMS. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH. Redfield, New York. For sale by C. Desilver, Philadelphia.

Mr. Trench is best known in this country by his "Study of Words"—a work which has won an enduring place in literature. In England he has also a wide reputation as an adept in theological science, and a professor of belles lettres. To be eminent in theology and scholastic lore does not commonly imply the capacity for a corresponding altitude in the poets' blue. The rule holds good in the present instance. We think that, although, as the preface states, the "Christian Remembrancer"—a respectable authority—some years ago put Mr. Trench at the head of the Religious Poets of the day, the thoughtful critic will nevertheless deny him the crown and singing robe. Our own Bishop Doane, and Dr. Bethune, and many others have written poetry far worthier of the name, and consequently better deserving the distinction, the Remembrancer awards to Mr. Trench. And there is no single poem in this volume—nor single line even in any poem—that can claim place with what has been done, in kind, by Keble, Heber, Charles Wesley, James Montgomery, Milman and Croly. Between the poet and the poetaster there is a difference not always easy to express, though always easy to discern. We cannot invariably say in what respects the counterfeit is unlike the true coin, but we can readily see the dissimilarity when we place the alloy by the gold. Take Mr. Trench's poem—"The Monk and the Bird," and compare it with Longfellow's rendering of the same legend—the story of the Monk Felix in "The Golden Legend"—and the appreciable difference we have alluded to, between the poetaster and the poet, is at once perceived.

The most obvious fault of these poems is their didacticism. We see no reason for their having been cast in the metrical form. They are versifications, and no more. You could not reduce Coleridge's Christabel to prose without losing much of its beauty; its form belongs to and is necessary to it. But such a metempsychosis would in no wise injure the productions of Mr. Trench. Their thought might just as well have prose for its vehicle. It is in itself prosaic, and furthermore, is not elevated to poetic dignity by those artificial devices of language and verbal melody with which ingenious men sometimes redeem their triteness and trivialities. The poems might have been materially improved by skillful rhetorical treatment; but this, or anything like this, they have not.

So much has been said—unjustly and unreasonably said—in their praise, that it has seemed necessary to us to make these criticisms. We find it far pleasanter to notice their merits. They are, mostly, marked by the quiet solemnity of a spirit that has thought and suffered, not in vain; they have often a tender thoughtfulness; often a gentle and serious wisdom; sometimes a subdued and tranquil beauty. Their philosophy is serene, humane and sweet. The affectional and pietistic elements have entered largely into their conception. They evince thorough and extensive reading, habits of thought, true scholarship and intellect. Our objections to them are directed only at their claims as poems.

We quote a couple of the best the volume affords,—or what seem to us the best. The subjoined sonnet has a fine perception of a natural truth:

VESUVIUS.

"That, her destroying fury, was with noise
And sudden uproar; but far otherwise,
With silent and with secret ministries,
Her skill of renovation she employs:
For Nature only loud when she destroys,
Is silent when she fashions; she will crowd
The work of her destruction, transient, loud,
Into an hour, and then long peace enjoys.
Yea, every power that fashions and upholds
Works silently—all things, whose life is sure,
Their life is calm; silent the light that moulds
And colors all things; and without debate,
The stars, which are forever to endure,
Assume their thrones and their unquestioned state."

The truest poem in the volume—one which takes exception to all our strictures—is the "Ode to Sleep." What a beautiful picture is this at the close:

"Oh! that mine
Were some dim chamber turning to the north,
With latticed casement, bedded deep with leaves,
That opening with soft murmurs might look forth
On quiet fields from broad o'erhanging eaves,
And ever when the Spring her garland weaves,
Were darkened with encroaching ivy-trail,
And jagged vine-leaves shade;
And all the pavement starred with blossoms pale
Of jessamine, when the wind's least stir soe'er steals;
Where the sunbeam were verdurous-cool, before
It entered into that quiet nook, to paint
With interspace of light and color faint
The translated floor."

The feeling expressed in the final stanza is not well to feel, but how many a "foredone, heart-weary player in this pageant-world" has felt it! This is the true lotus, many are fain to eat, and forget care—

"How pleasant were it there in dim recess,
In some close-curtained haunt of quietness,
To hear no sound of human pain and care,
Our own and others'—little heeding there,
If morn, or noon, or night,
Pursued their weary flight,
But musing what an easy thing it were
To mix our opiates in a larger cup,
And drink, and not perceive
Sleep deepening lead his truer kinsman up,
Like undistinguished Night, darkening the skirts of Eve."

Another exquisitely beautiful passage closes the "Story of Justin Martyr." We are not able to make further extracts, but must refer our readers to the volume.

THE SCHOOL HARP. A COLLECTION OF PLEASING AND INSTRUCTIVE SONGS. By E. H. BASCOM. Morris Cotton, Boston. For sale by Hayes & Bell, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Sigourney has written her praise of this little collection of songs for children, and if this was not a sufficient testimonial in its favor, it has the commendation of a great number of eminent teachers and superintendents of schools, besides. The songs are simple and beautiful. Some of them are the old ones we used to sing in early days at school; but the greater number are original, and written expressly for the publication. The "Harp" is, we think, of much value to teachers who have singing classes, or to schools that make singing part of their exercises, as all schools ought to do.

YANKEE LIFE IN MEXICO. By GARNET FERRY. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

Mr. Ferry's seven years residence in Mexico has enabled him to give us a brilliant and vivid picture of the life and manners of that country. The book contains a great fund of entertainment. It is crowded with incident and adventure, and is written with ease and vigor, and in the most genial spirit.

THE EARNEST MAN; A Sketch of the Character and Labors of Adoniram Judson, First Missionary to Burmah. By Mrs. H. C. Conant. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B Peterson, Philadelphia.

HOMŒOPATHY SIMPLIFIED; OR, DOMESTIC PRACTICE MADE EASY. By John A. Tarbell, M. D. Sanborn, Carter & Bazin, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

PHRENOLOGY, A BOOK THAT'S BY NO AUTHOR. By O. S. FOWLER. Phrenological Depository, 308 Broadway, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson,

Life in Paris.

URGENT NEED OF REFORM IN THE WEATHER OFFICE—AN OLD ASPIRATION—ROYAL COMINGS AND GOINGS—AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION—AN OLD IDEA—AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT—A STEP BACKWARDS—THE INTERNATIONAL CARPET COMPANY.

PARIS, May 18, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

It is impossible to date a communication from this part of the world without noticing the abominable way in which we are being cheated of our Spring. We alternate between continuous rain and heavy showers; the rivers are overflowing, the harvests are rotting, people are being rescued in boats by benevolent *maires* and rural policemen, from the upper windows of their farm houses surrounded by a raging flood; and not unfrequently dwellings and churches are carried off by the violence of the currents. In the plains the harvests are being rotted and ruined, sheep and cattle drowned; in the valleys the soil itself is washed away, and the result of long years of labor thus totally destroyed. A sad overthrowing of the brilliant hopes excited by the restoration of peace and the promising appearance presented by the crops so short a time ago!

Here the Seine is higher than it has been for many years; and the effect of the broad river now rolling its turbid waters between the rows of palaces that line its banks is very fine. The heart's-dream of the people of this metropolis, since the old days when the half naked Parisii first settled into a rude community on the little island which was so long the cradle of the city, and adopted a ship as the emblem of their group of huts, has been to make Paris a seaport town; and the sight of the broad line of water now covering the buttresses of the bridges, the new sewer built at so great an expense parallel with its banks, and the tanks of the water works, near the Mint, kindles afresh the fire of a desire which seems to burn all the more brightly with every additional foot of water displayed by the river.

The King of Wurtemberg has departed, after an *incognito* of ten days at the Tuileries. He is an elderly, middle sized and, to use an expression bordering on the *taurine*, a remarkably common looking individual—gray hair and eyes, and hard expression. On his departure, the Emperor and Empress—the latter still inexceedingly delicate health—went off to St. Cloud with the precious infant, "on whose head rest the hopes of a nation," according to one Court poet, "of the world," and even "of the Universe" according to others; and there they are to remain until the *fetes* of the baptism call them back to Paris, about the middle of next month.

Meantime, the Legislative body has voted 850,000 for the decoration of Notre-Dame, and the Municipality of Paris has set apart the sum of 8200,000 to be spent in rejoicings on the same happy occasion. A magnificent dinner is to be given at the Hotel de Ville, to the Emperor and Empress, on their return from making a solemn renunciation of the pomps and vanities of the world in behalf of their son. The banqueting hall and the Cour d'Honneur, redecorated for the occasion, will present, as usual, a marvellously imposing display of French upholstery. The illuminations which are to crown the conclusion of a day "so auspicious to France," are to be something supernaturally splendid.

The Austrian Prince next in age to his Imperial brother, the Emperor Francis Joseph, has just arrived here, or rather at St. Cloud, on a visit to the Emperor. The august visitor has been received in state by Prince Napoleon, and a grand dinner was immediately given at St. Cloud in his honor.

It is said that the Prince of Prussia is to visit Paris during the summer; also that Queen Victoria is shortly to make a visit to Berlin. These interchanges of visits between the sovereigns who have hitherto lived so much apart as well as from one another, as from the mass of their respective subjects, is a good sign; and shows that royalty, even where it still exists, and may probably continue to exist for some time to come, is beginning to be acted upon, like everything else, by the modifying influences of the time.

The absurd house-to-house collection of sums varying from one to five cents, which has been alluded to in former letters as being made here by the police, with a view to offering a present to the Empress and Prince Imperial, is still going on, though the agents employed in the affair have laid aside some of their former arrogance and violence since the circular addressed to them on the subject by the Prefect of Police. But so much displeasure has been excited by the business, that it is hardly probable that the Empress will venture to accept a gift so offered; and the sum thus collected will most likely be appropriated, at her request, to founding some charitable institution.

The preparations for the approaching Agricultural and Cattle Exhibition, to be held in the Palace of the Champs Elysees, are going rapidly forward. The Annual Exhibition of the Horticultural Society is to be allowed to take place at the same time, and in the same building; and the show promises to be interesting to the general public, as well as to those more specially devoted to these important branches of industry.

The animals and agricultural products of other nations will now, for the first time, be admitted to compete with those of France. England, Prussia, Austria, and the United States will be largely represented. Liberal arrangements for the transport of their contributions has been made by the French Government, and the Palace Company, on their side, are not idle. The floor of the main building has been taken up, and replaced by a deep layer of mould, which will receive the plants and flowers of the spirited society that so successfully improvised the beautiful little nineteenth century Eden which, last summer, faced the more stately sister-Exhibition of the Palace itself, to the great delight of the Parisians who, having settled it among themselves to be that *ne plus ultra* of French ideas of the rural and picturesque, "a veritable English garden," took to visiting and admiring it accordingly.

A fine fountain occupies the centre of this paradise to be; flanked by a statue of the Empress Josephine, by Dubray, and another of Napoleon the Great, as First Consul. The galleries of the ground floor are being divided into stalls for the reception of the animals and poultry; the upper galleries are to receive the agricultural implements. In this last department there can be little doubt but that the honors of the display will be carried off by your countrymen, as was the case in the late Exhibition.

The interior of the building is being hung with banners and other ornaments, white and gray linen will intercept the sun's rays that are now having it all their own way in the great glass roof; and trees of very respectable height are being planted in front of each of the iron pillars that support the dome.

The enclosed spaces behind the Palace are also being fitted up for the reception of the contributions which may not find accommodation in the building itself; and a row of bronze statues is being set up in front of the principal facade.

I have frequently alluded to the zeal with which the various societies for developing the agricultural and grazing interests of the country are endeavoring to stimulate the country population to undertake the various reforms so much needed in this country. One of the most important of these is the Society of Pisciculture, by whose exertions the interesting discoveries of the poor fisherman Remy—the inventor to whom the world is indebted for the artificial propagation of fish, and to whom it will some day raise statues after having allowed him to die in poverty and neglect—are being applied to the restocking of the rivers of France. Just now another project, of a character somewhat analagous—viz, the artificial fecundation of poultry—is receiving the attention of another of these bodies. It is known that that interesting and valued creature, the barn-yard hen, lays a certain number of eggs yearly through a period of five or six years; after which, feeling no doubt that she has fully discharged her duty in this walk of life, she lays no more eggs, but "rests on her oars," and devotes the remainder of her existence to the peaceful pleasure of her race. But the investigating eyes of modern innovators have been prying into the structural peculiarities of this estimable biped, with a view to ascertain whether it might not be possible to compel her to lay all her eggs in a single summer. She would thus, on the expiration of her maternal functions, instead of being metamorphosed by the lapse of years into a rough old harridan, fit only for the ignominious ending of the *pot-a-feu*, be still a young and tender creature in the first freshness of her existence, easily susceptible of the fattening influences of a liberal diet, and worthy of figuring, after a brief and delicious sojourn in the pen of plenty, on the table of the most fastidious gourmand. The experiments which are now being made with regard to the subject in question seem to promise full success to the originators of this curious attempt; and the principal poultry-fanciers are sanguine of realizing a project which, should experience decide in their favor, will bring about an entire revolution in the conditions of the egg and poultry market.

The Count de Chambord, who, as well as the Duke d'Aumale, has sent an autograph letter of compliments to M. Alfred Nettement, expressing his satisfaction with the *History of the Conquest of Algeria*, recently published by the latter, is just now in danger of losing two very valuable estates covered with timber in the Department of the Haute-Marne, which constitute the principal part of the fortune bequeathed by the Duchess de Berri to her two children. It appears that some loop-hole in the wording of the deeds by which these estates are held enables the Government to claim their reversion to the State. The tribunal of Vassi, near which these estates are situated, has decided against the Count, although the opinion of the highest legal authority is said to have pronounced in his favor. The Count de Chambord, who acts both in his own name and in that of his sister, the Duchess-Regent of Parma, and who, if he lose this property, will be reduced from the opulence he at present enjoys almost to a state of poverty, has appealed to a higher court against this sentence.

The Archbishop of Paris has caused a *mandamus* to be posted up at the door of Notre Dame, announcing to the faithful of the diocese that the Roman liturgy is soon to be restored in this church, in place of the Gallican liturgy now in use throughout France. The Pope has written to the Archbishop inviting him to endeavor to procure the restoration of the Roman liturgy in this country; and the *mandamus* in question is the first fruit of this interference. The Gallic is considered by the French clergy as the most beautiful of all the Catholic rituals. It is composed, for the most part of extracts from Holy Writ; is free from all legendary intermixture, and contains the beautiful hymns of Santeuil and Coffin. Its latinity is much purer, also, than that of the Roman breviary, which, besides the bainess of its Latin, is stuffed full of legendary histories and miracles, so gross that it would be impossible to offer a translation of them to the critical eyes of the present century. As long ago as the end of the 16th century many corrections and changes were called for in this breviary; and the Pope has at last named a commission of theologians and canonists for its revision.

An Anglo-French Society, with a capital of £280,000, in shares of £10 each, has just been incorporated in this city for a duration of 30 years, under the Presidence of M. Sallandrouse, the Director of the great carpet manufactory of Aubusson, whose products so nearly rival those of the Gobelins in point of beauty, while offered at a tithe of the price of the latter. The object of this society is to develope and improve the carpet-making industry by the introduction, into both countries, of all the new mechanical and other improvements arrived at in either, and for increasing the export trade of both with all parts of the world. The house of Jackson & Davis, of London, and a great number of other great manufacturers in both countries, are members of this society whose effect will doubtless be to lower the price of carpets in France by the introduction of the improved methods of manufacture which enable England to undersell her continental rivals, and at the same time to impart to the English make the tastefulness of design and brilliance of color in which the French carpets have hitherto so far surpassed those of the former country.

QUANTUM.

☞ A descendant of the Marquis of Montrose being taunted by a Campbell for the long time his ancestor's head was stuck upon the Tolbooth at Edinburgh, said: "Montrose was too good a soldier to quit his post till he was relieved," alluding to the Marquis of Argyle's head having been placed in its stead after the Restoration.

☞ INTERRUPTION TO SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.—The practice of photography has been forbidden by the Neapolitan government in Pompeii, Herculaneum, and the Museum.

☞ "All pleasure," says John Foster, "must be bought at the expense of pain. The difference between false pleasure and true is just this—for the *true*, the price is paid before you enjoy it; for the *false*, afterwards."

☞ The tongue is, at the same time, the best part of man and his worst; with good government, none is more useful, and without it none is more mischievous. —*Anacharsis.*

☞ The following sonnet was pronounced by Sidney Smith to be one of the most beautiful in our language:

THE SABBATH.

With silent awe, I hail the sacred morn
Which slowly wakes while all the fields are still.
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne;
A grateful murmur gurgles from the rill,
And echo answers softer from the hill,
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
The rooks float silent by, in airy dance;
The sun a placid yellow lustre shows;
The gales that lately sighed along the grove,
Have hushed their downy wings in sweet repose;
The breezing rack of clouds forgets to move;
So smiled the day when the first morn arose.

☞ SELF DENIAL.—There never did, and never will exist anything permanently noble and excellent in a character which is a stranger to the exercise of a resolute self denial.

☞ A SPANISH PROVERB: "What the fool does in the end, the wise man does in the beginning."

☞ A man must master his learning, and not be mastered by it. The learning of Mather fastened upon his mind like the withering and strangling ivy; that of Southey is sustained by him as graceful as the tendrils of a vine, and adorns him with fruit as with clusters of grapes.—*Goethe.*

☞ The young man who calls his father "The Governor," and his mother, "The old lady," has invoked upon his own head the curse denounced upon those who "honor not their father and their mother."

☞ LAZINESS begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. It creeps over a man so slowly and imperceptibly that he is bound tight before he knows it.

☞ LIFE IN THE HAYMARKET.—A policeman on night duty sends us the following observation: "It seems to me that with many young men, the most approved method of winding up the night is reeling it home!"—*Punch.*

☞ A CLASSIC JOKE.—A classic editor says, if the Naiads were constantly bathing, he presumes, from their name, the Dryads were the ones who brought the towels.

☞ There are eight hundred idiots in the State of Connecticut, one-fourth of whom are under fourteen years of age.

☞ DON'T PERSECUTE!—John Wesley said, "If you cannot reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him to come, leave him to God, the Judge of all."

PRAIRIE FARMING.

WILL CORN-GROWING AND FEEDING PAY?

Messrs. Editors of Sat. Eve. Post:—From well established facts, it is safe to assume that in feeding corn for the production of meat, 6 pounds of corn will produce one pound of pork, and 9 pounds of corn will produce one pound of beef.

Then, at the usual average of 30 bushels of corn to the acre, we have 2,800 pounds, which, by the above rate, will produce 467 pounds of Pork, @ 3 cts, $14, or 311 pounds of Beef, @ 4½ cts., $13.99.

Therefore, at three cents per pound for Pork, and four and a half cents per pound for Beef, the value of the product of one acre will be $14.

But the cost of labor to cultivate and feed out corn to stock, is estimated at 15 cents per bushel, or $7.50 per acre, which, when deducted from the proceeds of an acre, leaves $6.50 for nett profits of an acre of corn culture, and feeding.

Eighty acres of corn would, at 30 bushels per acre, yield 4,000 bushels, and make 200 pounds of pork each, on 186 hogs. Eighty acres of land @ $12 per acre, $960, and the purchase of 186 hogs, say @ $4, $744, and the cultivation of 80 acres @ $7.50, $600. Making the capital invested for land, labor, and stock, $2,304, and the value produced, as stated, 80 acres @ $6.50 per acre, makes $520. Cleared on an investment of $2,304, or 22 per cent. on the capital employed.

S. G.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

AT CINCINNATI.

The Convention, on the morning of June 3rd, elected for its President, John E. Ward, of Georgia, and also thirty Vice Presidents, and thirty-one Secretaries.

Mr. Bayard, of Del., from the Committee on Contested Elections, made report in the Missouri case, admitting the Anti-Benton Delegates. The report was received with cheers, and unanimously adopted. The Benton Delegates, after forcing their way into the Convention, withdrew when they found the sentiment of the Convention was almost unanimously against them.

On June 4th, the Committee on Credentials prepared a report against the admission of each branch of the New York Democracy, unless each would choose from its delegation thirty-five members to represent them in the Convention. An excited debate followed, among the members of the Committee, and much voting on various propositions ensued, but without any conclusion being attained.

The Convention met at 10½ o'clock, and Mr. Hallett, of Mass., from the Committee on Resolutions, reported the following resolves:

The Kansas Nebraska part of the Platform has been adopted with perfect unanimity. The Committee did not have perfect unanimity upon the Foreign policy suggested, but recommended it heartily.

The first part of the report endorses and affirms the general principles of the last National Convention held at Baltimore in 1852. The report then proceeds as follows:

And whereas, since the foregoing declaration was unanimously adopted by our predecessors in National Conventions, an adverse political and religious test has been secretly organized by a party claiming to be exclusively Americans, and it is proper that the American Democracy should clearly define its relations thereto; therefore,

Resolved, That the foundation of this Union of States having been laid in its prosperity, expansion and pre-eminent example in free government, built upon entire freedom in matters of religious concern, and no respect of persons in regard to rank or place of birth, no party can justly be deemed national, constitutional, or in accordance with American principles, which bases its exclusive organization upon religious opinions and accidental birthplace.

Resolved, That we reiterate, with renewed energy of purpose, the well considered declarations of former Conventions upon the sectional issue of domestic slavery, and concerning the reserved rights of the States; and that we may more distinctly meet the issue on which a sectional party, subsisting exclusively on slavery agitation, now relies, to test the fidelity of the people North and South, to the Constitution and the Union.

Resolved, That claiming fellowship with and desiring the co-operation of all who regard the preservation of the Union, under the Constitution, as the paramount issue, and repudiating all sectional parties and platforms concerning domestic slavery, which seek to embroil the States, and incite to treason and armed resistance to law in the Territories, and whose avowed purposes, if consummated, must end in civil war and disunion, the American Democracy recognize and adopt the principles contained in the organic laws establishing the territories of Kansas and Nebraska, as embodying the only sound and safe solution of the slavery question upon which the great national idea of the people of this whole country can repose in its determined conservatism of the Union; non-interference by Congress with slavery in States and Territories; that this was the basis of the Compromises of 1850, confirmed by both the Democratic and Whig parties in National Conventions, ratified by the people in the election of 1852, and rightly applied to the organization of Territories in 1854; that by the uniform application of this Democratic principle to the organization of Territories and the admission of new States, with or without domestic slavery, as they may elect, the equal rights of all the States will be preserved in fact, the original compacts of the Constitution maintained inviolate, and the perpetuation and expansion of the Union ensured to its utmost capacity of embracing, in peace and harmony, every future American State that may be constituted or annexed with a republican form of government.

Resolved, That we recognize the right of the people of all the Territories, including Kansas and Nebraska, acting through the fairly expressed will of the majority of actual residents; and whenever the number of their inhabitants justifies it, to form a constitution, with or without domestic slavery, and be admitted into the Union upon terms of perfect equality with the other States.

Resolved, finally, That in view of the condition of the popular institutions of the Old World, and the dangerous tendencies of sectional agitation, combined with the attempt to enforce civil and religious disabilities against the rights of acquiring and enjoying citizenship in our own land, a high and sacred duty has devolved an increased responsibility upon the Democratic party of this country, as the party of the Union, to uphold and maintain the rights of every State, and thereby the Union of the States, and sustain the advance among us of Constitutional liberty by continuing to resist all monopolies and all exclusive legislation for the benefit of the few, at the expense of the many, and by a vigilant and constant adherence to those principles and compromises of the Constitution, which are broad enough and strong enough to embrace and uphold the Union as it was, the Union as it is, and the Union as it shall be, in the full expansion of the energies and capacity of this great and progressive people.

1. Resolved, That the questions connected with the foreign policy of the country are inferior to no domestic question whatever. The time has come for the people of the United States to declare themselves in favor of free seas and a progressive free trade throughout the world, and by solemn manifestations to place their moral influence by the side of their successful example.

2. Resolved, That our geographical and political position with reference to other States of the Continent, no less than the interests of our commerce and the development of our growing power requires that we hold to the sacred principles involved in the Monroe doctrine. Their bearing and import, which admit of no misconstruction, should be applied with unbending rigidity.

3. Resolved, That the great highway which nature as well as the assent of the States most immediately interested in its maintenance, has marked for a free communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, constitutes one of the most important achievements realized by the spirit of modern times, and the unconquerable energy of our people, and that this result should be secured by timely and sufficient exertion, the control which we have the right to claim over it. No power on earth should be suffered to impede or clog its progress by any interference with the relations that it may suit our policy to establish with the Governments of States within whose dominions it lies. We can, under no circumstances, surrender our preponderance in the adjustment of all questions arising out of it.

4. Resolved, That in our view of so commanding an interest to the people of the United States, they cannot but sympathize with the efforts which are being made by the people of Central America to regenerate that portion of the Continent which covers the passage over the Oceanic Isthmus.

5. Resolved, That the Democratic party will expect from the next Administration every proper effort made to assure our ascendancy in the Gulf of Mexico, so as to maintain the permanent protection of the great outlets through which is emptied into its waters the products raised on the soil and the commodities created by the industry of the people of our western valleys and the people at large.

Mr. Breeken then called for a vote by States on the Resolutions, which was agreed to, and the vote taken on the Report of the Committee on the Resolutions as submitted, except the last five. The vote was unanimous—New York not being taken—yeas, 261; nays, none. Both of the New York delegations voted afterwards unanimously in the affirmative on the whole Platform.

Discussion and motions on the remaining five resolutions ensued and continued without result till suspended by adjournment to the afternoon.

In the afternoon the vote by States was taken on the five closing resolutions of the platform separately.

On the first—ayes, 211; nays, 49.

On the second—ayes, 230; nays, 23.

[Mr. Wickliffe asked that Kentucky might change her vote on the first resolution to aye, which being granted, the vote stands—ayes, 223; nays, 37.]

On the third—ayes, 199; nays, 56.

Maryland and Rhode Island voted nay on the preceding resolutions. The others were scattering votes.

On the fourth—ayes, 221; nays, 38. Rhode Island, Delaware and Maryland voting nay.

On the fifth—ayes, 225; nays, 30.

The vote was then taken on the supplementary resolution reported by the Committee as follows:

Resolved, That the Democratic party recognizes the great importance, in a political and commercial point of view, of a safe and speedy communication by military and postal roads through our territory, between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of this Union, and that it is the duty of the Federal Government to exercise promptly all its constitutional power for the attainment of that object.

Mr. Thompson, of Mississippi, moved to lay the resolution on the table.

Objection was raised that the motion was out of order. The Chair decided that it was in order, and the resolution was laid on the table—ayes, 139; nays, 120.

	Yeas.	Nays.
Maine	1	7
New Hampshire	4	1
Vermont	—	5
Massachusetts	1	12
Rhode Island	4	—
Connecticut	6	—
New Jersey	7	—
Pennsylvania	27	—
Delaware	3	—
Maryland	—	6
Virginia	15	—
North Carolina	10	—
South Carolina	7	—
Georgia	6	4
Alabama	9	—
Mississippi	7	—
Louisiana	—	6
Ohio	16	6
Kentucky	6	4
Tennessee	8	9
Indiana	—	13
Illinois	—	11
Missouri	—	9
Arkansas	—	4
Iowa	—	4
Michigan	—	6
Florida	3	—
Texas	—	4
Wisconsin	—	5
California	—	4

Cheers and hisses hailed the announcement of this vote.

A. H. Colquit, of Georgia, moved to reconsider all the resolutions in reference to the foreign policy and recommit them to the Committee on Resolutions.

A member from Indiana moved to lay the motion on the table. Carried—yeas 179, nays 79.

Mr. Mead, of Virginia, presented from the delegation of that State the following resolution, upon which he called the previous question:

Resolved, That the resolutions on foreign policy are but the opinions of this Convention, and not to be considered as articles or part of the Democratic faith.

Mr. Peck, of Michigan, raised as a point of order, that the resolution, under the rules, must go to the Committee on Resolutions.

Mr. Hubbard, of Texas, moved to suspend the rules for the purpose of voting on the resolutions.

Loud cries of "No," ensued, but the vote by States was demanded, and great confusion prevailed.

The Chairman after striving to preserve order, declared that he would call the delegates by name who were creating the disturbance. [Loud applause.]

The Convention refused to suspend the rules—ayes 74, nays 188.

Mr. Lowe, of Maryland, offered the following resolution calling for its reading:

Resolved, That in expressing any opinion in regard to the principles involved in the last five resolutions of the proposed platform, we deem it inexpedient to adopt the said resolutions as part of said platform, and that the chairman of this delegation be directed to cast its vote in the negative upon said resolutions, and that he is further requested, at a proper time, to request the reading of this resolution to the Convention, as the ground upon which the action of this delegation has been based.

Mr. Sandsbury, of Delaware, declared his concurrence with the resolution. His State was unwilling that any resolutions should be introduced into the platform upon which every Democrat could not stand. [Applause.]

The President called the Speaker to order, as no question was before the House. The resolution was referred, and no further action taken upon the subject.

On June 5th, the majority report of the Committee on Credentials on the New York delegations, resolving on the consolidation of the Hards and Softs, and in favor of the admission of 44 Soft delegates and 26 Hards, was presented.

The minority report, arguing that the Hards were the regular Democracy and the Soft seceders, and advising the admission of thirty-five members of each, was also presented and received with immense cheering. After a stormy season of ineffectual motions and heated debate, the report of the Minority Committee was adopted by a vote of 137 to 123. The affirmative voting was received with tremendous enthusiasm.

The votes on accepting the report of the Minority Committee were as follows:

	Ayes.	Nays.
Maine	6	2
New Hampshire	—	5
Vermont	—	5
Massachusetts	3	10
Rhode Island	1	3
Connecticut	6	—
New Jersey	6	1
Pennsylvania	27	—
Delaware	3	—
Maryland	6	2
Virginia	15	—
North Carolina	—	10
South Carolina	—	8
Georgia	4	6
Alabama	—	9
Mississippi	—	7
Louisiana	6	—
Ohio	13	6
Kentucky	4	6
Tennessee	—	12
Indiana	13	—
Illinois	—	11
Missouri	—	9
Arkansas	—	4
Michigan	6	—
Florida	—	3
Texas	—	4
Iowa	—	4
Wisconsin	5	2
California	—	4
	137	123

In the afternoon the Convention proceeded to ballot for a candidate for President of the United States. Mr. Mead, of Virginia, nominated James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania. Henry Hibbard, of New Hampshire, nominated Frank Pierce. Mr. Inge, of California, nominated Lewis Cass. Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, nominated Stephen A. Douglas. Pierce's name was received coldly, but Buchanan's and Douglas's were greeted with much applause.

The following is a detailed statement of the first ballot by the States:—

States.	Buchanan.	Pierce.	Douglas.	Cass.
Maine	5	3	—	—
New Hampshire	—	5	—	—
Vermont	—	5	—	—
Massachusetts	4	8	—	—
Rhode Island	—	4	—	—
Connecticut	6	—	—	—
New York	17	15	—	—
New Jersey	7	—	—	—
Pennsylvania	27	—	—	—
Delaware	3	—	—	—
Maryland	6	2	—	—
Virginia	15	—	—	—
North Carolina	—	10	—	—
South Carolina	—	8	—	—
Georgia	—	10	—	—
Alabama	—	9	—	—
Mississippi	—	7	—	—
Louisiana	6	—	—	—
Ohio	15	4	4	4
Kentucky	4	6	8	—
Tennessee	—	12	—	—
Indiana	13	—	—	—
Illinois	—	—	11	—
Missouri	—	—	9	—
Arkansas	—	4	—	—
Michigan	6	—	—	—
Florida	—	3	—	—
Texas	—	4	—	—
Iowa	—	—	4	—
Wisconsin	5	2	—	—
California	—	—	—	4
	133	134	31	8

The Convention then proceeded to ballot for a candidate.

The balloting proceeding, thirteen more ballots were had, resulting severally as follows:

Ballots.	Buchanan.	Pierce.	Douglas	Cass.
First	135½	124	31	8½
Second	130	118½	31½	9
Third	129½	118	32	8½
Fourth	141½	119	30	8½
Fifth	140	119½	31	8½
Sixth	133	101	28	8½
Seventh	143½	89	26	8½
Eighth	147½	87	26	8½
Ninth	148	87	26	7
Tenth	150½	80½	28½	8½
Eleventh	147½	80	33	8½
Twelfth	148	79	33½	8½
Thirteenth	150	77½	33	8½
Fourteenth	152½	78	33	8½

The New York Softs cast 18 votes for Pierce; the Hards cast 17 votes for Buchanan.

On the second ballot Mr. Buchanan gained 3½ votes; Gen. Pierce losing 3, Mr. Douglas losing 1½, and Mr. Cass gaining 1.

On the third ballot Buchanan lost 1, Pierce 1, and Douglas gained 2. In Kentucky, Buchanan gained 2, which Douglas lost. In Wisconsin Douglas gained 1, and Cass lost 1 in Ohio.

On the fourth ballot the only change, except the regular New York change, was in Kentucky, where Buchanan and Pierce gained 1 each, and Douglas lost 2.

On the fifth ballot Buchanan gained 1, and Pierce lost 1 in Massachusetts; Buchanan lost 1½ in Kentucky.

On the sixth ballot Tennessee changed 12 votes from Pierce to Buchanan. In Kentucky Buchanan gained 2, Pierce 1, and Douglas lost 3.

The announcement of the Tennessee vote was received with cheers, which were checked by the President.

On the seventh ballot Tennessee turned from Buchanan to Douglas, 12 votes, and Arkansas changed her 4 votes from Pierce to Douglas. Buchanan gained 1 in Massachusetts. Georgia changed 7 votes from Pierce to Douglas; 3 for Buchanan; the Pierce folks looking down. Douglas' friends gaining pluck, and Buchanan's confident.

Mr. Bates, of Tenn., moved to adjourn till 10 o'clock to-morrow morning, but met by loud cries of "No, no," the motion was withdrawn.

On the 8th ballot Buchanan gained 1 in Maine, and 2 in Kentucky.

On the ninth ballot Buchanan gained 1 in Maryland and Massachusetts each, but lost in Kentucky.

A motion was made to adjourn, but it was lost by an immense majority.

The Alabama delegation asked and obtained leave to adjourn for a few moments.

On the tenth ballot Vermont changed from Pierce to Douglas 5 votes, and Douglas also gained 2 in Ohio.

On the eleventh ballot Maryland gave her entire vote to Buchanan.

Another motion was made to adjourn, but was met by loud cries of "No, no," and lost.

The twelfth ballot showed no material change.

Another motion was made to adjourn, but lost.

On the thirteenth ballot Rhode Island broke from Pierce, casting 2 votes for Buchanan and 2 for Pierce.

A motion to adjourn was again made, but the vote being taken by States, it was lost.

On the fourteenth ballot Rhode Island cast her whole vote for Buchanan.

On June 6th, the balloting began again amidst great excitement.

When Maine was called the delegation cast her vote 7 for Buchanan, 1 for Pierce.

When New Hampshire was called, Mr. Hibbard said the delegation had thus far cast her vote for the statesman representing the present Administration, but had now determined to cast her vote for the choice of Illinois, Stephen A. Douglas, (applause.) North Carolina led off in the same track, and was followed by South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and Texas.

Tennessee cast her 12 votes for Buchanan.

Pierce ran down to 3 votes, and was withdrawn.

The New York Softs also went over to Douglas.

The following is a detailed statement of the vote by States:

States.	Buchanan.	Pierce.	Douglas.	Cass.
Maine	7	1	—	—
New Hampshire	—	—	5	—
Vermont	—	—	5	—
Massachusetts	10	—	3	—
Rhode Island	4	—	—	—
Connecticut	6	—	—	—
New York	17	—	18	—
New Jersey	7	—	—	—
Pennsylvania	27	—	—	—
Delaware	3	—	—	—
Maryland	6	—	2	—
Virginia	15	—	—	—
North Carolina	—	—	10	—
South Carolina	—	—	8	—
Georgia	3	—	7	—
Alabama	—	—	9	—
Mississippi	—	—	7	—
Louisiana	6	—	—	—
Ohio	13	2	6	—
Kentucky	4	—	7	—
Tennessee	12	—	—	—
Indiana	12	—	—	—
Illinois	—	—	9	—
Missouri	1	—	11	—
Arkansas	—	—	4	—
Michigan	16	—	—	—
Florida	—	—	3	—
Texas	—	—	4	—
Iowa	2	—	2	—
Wisconsin	5	—	—	—
California	—	—	—	4
	168	3	118	4

The half votes were rejected by the Chair.

SIXTEENTH BALLOT.

Buchanan	168
Douglas	121
Cass	8

On the sixteenth ballot Maine concentrated her vote on Buchanan; Ohio also gave him 2 more. Kentucky cast all her votes for Douglas, having previously given him but 7.

The half votes were rejected by the Chair, the point having been raised in consequence of Ohio having cast a half vote for Cass.

The seventeenth ballot was then taken, New Hampshire cast her vote for Buchanan, Mr. Hibbard making a speech in explanation. Every delegate who rose had something to say.

Immediately as the ballot commenced, Captain Ryndet's gun commenced roaring for the announcement to the outsiders, and the Convention continued in a state of the wildest excitement, as State after State gave in their vote for the nominee.

The ballot resulted in 296 votes for Buchanan, and he was declared the unanimous choice of the Convention as the candidate for the Presidency. A scene of the most tremendous enthusiasm followed the announcement.

Mr. Shields, of Wisconsin, moved that it is the duty of the General Government, so far as the Constitution will permit, to aid in the construction of a safe overland mail route between the Atlantic and Pacific Coast.

A motion to lay the resolution on the table was lost by ayes 75, nays 220.

A delegate from Missouri rose to demand a suspension of the rules.

Mr. Pettit and Mr. Inge endeavored to speak on the propriety of an amendment, declaring it to be the duty of the General Government to use all proper constitutional power for the object named, but were not heard.

A motion to suspend the rules for the purpose was carried by ayes 208, nays 88.

The main question being ordered, the resolution was adopted—ayes 205, nays 87.

A motion was then made to ballot for a candidate for Vice President, and agreed to.

Mr. Meade, of Virginia, proposed the Hon. Lynn Boyd, of Kentucky.

Mr. Harris, of Illinois, begged to propose a man who he thought was born on the banks of the Hudson, but now resides on the banks of the Mississippi. It had been his pride to serve under his command in the regiment from Illinois, that never turned their backs on friends or foes. He was the first to plant the American flag over the Halls of the Montezumas. He named Gen. John A. Quitman.

Col. Louis, of La., named the Hon. John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky.

Mr. Breckenridge returned thanks to Louisiana for the honor conferred upon him, but was one of those who believed that promotion should follow seniority. Besides, he was already a candidate for another post, and in the canvas should advocate the candidate of this Convention and its noble States Rights platform. He withdrew his name.

Mr. Riefman, of Alabama, nominated the Hon. Benjamin Fitzpatrick, of Alabama.

Mr. Brook, of Tennessee, nominated Aaron V. Brown, of Tennessee.

Delegates from South Carolina, nominated James A. Seddon, of Virginia.

Mr. Siddon returned thanks for the honor done him, and withdrew his name.

Mr. Avery, of North Carolina, then presented the name of the Hon. James C. Dobbin, of North Carolina.

Mr. Underwood, of Ga., nominated H. V. Johnson, of Georgia.

The roll being called, Vermont cast a plumper for Breckenridge, of Ky., New York being called, 18 votes were announced by Mr. Judson, for Quitman, Judge Beardsley cast 17 Hard votes for Senator Bayard, of Delaware, Illinois voted for Quitman.

California announced her vote for A. V. Brown.

The ballot resulted as follows:—

Breckenridge,	53	Fitzpatrick,	11
Quitman,	69	Brown,	29
Boyd,	33	H. V. Johnson,	31
Bayard,	31	Rusk,	2
Dobbin,	13	Thomas Polk, of Md.,	5

After the ballot was announced Delaware withdrew the name of Senator Bayard.

A delegate from Connecticut begged to say that if the delegates south of Mason and Dixon's line could agree on a candidate, Connecticut would go for her candidate, if not, he had the name of a distinguished son, Isaac Toucey, to propose.

Another delegate said that was not so. Connecticut reserved Toucey for higher game.

The name of Brown, of Tennessee, was withdrawn, and Tennessee cast her vote for Breckenridge, and several other States then changed their votes to Breckenridge, and amidst great excitement, Mississippi withdrew the name of Quitman, and recorded her vote for Breckenridge.

Judge Beardsley, for the New York Hards, changed their votes from Butler to Breckenridge.

The vote was then announced as follows:—

John C. Breckenridge of Ky. 256.

The nomination was then declared unanimous, and was received with immense applause.

Mr. Breckenridge, being loudly called for, took the stand amid deafening cheers, and said the result was quite unexpected to him, and he had no words to express the profound gratitude he felt for the mark of honor and confidence from the Democrats of the United States. He did not intend to make a speech, but only to return thanks from his heart for the honor done him. With regard to the first nomination, he could only say that Mr. Buchanan had lived down detraction and calumny, and was now about to be crowned with the highest honor that could be conferred on an American citizen.

He desired to say generally, that he was a States-Right delegate, and that he trusted, if elected to the high office to which he had been nominated he should never do anything to pervert the high trust reposed in him.

The nomination of the candidates threw the city into a state of constant excitement. Various Club from Pennsylvania, headed by Beck's Philadelphia Band, and bearing a monstrous banner, paraded the streets; the Young Men's Union Club of New York fired salutes of artillery, and much enthusiasm was manifested among the Democrats generally, strangers and citizens.

CONGRESS.

In the SENATE, on the 9th, Mr. Bright being absent, Mr. Stuart was elected President *pro tem.*

On motion of Mr. Adams, the bill to amend the naturalization laws was made the special order of the day for Saturday next.

Mr. Trumbull introduced a bill to restore

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A U. S. NAVAL OFFICER.

THE SEA GOD'S TEMPLE.

During the Spring of 1855 the three remaining vessels of the North Pacific Surveying and Exploring Expedition joined their several lines of survey in the capacious harbor of Hakodadi, one of the three Japanese ports which had but recently been opened to our commerce by the action of Commodore M. C. Perry.

A magnificent harbor it is truly, and one whose shores abound with objects of interest. Among these latter, the most prominent is a cave of vast dimensions chambered out of the rocky breast of the towering and surf-worn promontory of Hakodadi by some past convulsion of nature, and now dedicated by the Japanese fishermen to their Sea God, whose aid they there invoke to calm the raging of the sea, or to bless their coasts with endless shoals of salmon. The very existence of this half submarine, half subterranean place of worship, would probably have never been known to us had our ship been anything but a surveying vessel, but the nature of the service required at our hands took us everywhere, and if the "old John" couldn't go herself she sent one or more of her six boats to act for her.

It was in this way that the arch-like entrance to the cave was discovered, one of our boats while engaged in the survey of the harbor having entered just far enough to determine that it was a cave, and one too of no inconsiderable extent. As soon therefore as the survey was completed, an exploring party was organized to enter and examine it thoroughly, and to that end quite extensive preparations were necessary.

It was reported as being horribly dark even at the mouth, could only be entered in a boat, and that the roaring of a heavy surf or waterfall had been heard from the outside. Our informant also stated that a heavy swell rolled into it, that its rocky mouth was whitened by a sulphuric vapor, and that from the current which set into it there was evidently another outlet; should this "other outlet" prove to be a whirlpool, or even an ordinary waterfall, a boat load of human beings without light, and utterly ignorant of the locality, would find themselves most unpleasantly situated. We consequently armed ourselves with lanterns, matches, lines, knives, hammer and nails, &c., before leaving the ship, and as the crew had been worked hard lately, took our small iron boat (dingy) and two boys to pull us to the scene of action.

The party consisted of nine all told, quite enough to crowd into a small boat that was going to *feel her way* through a darkness like that of night to the bottom of an unknown cave. Six of us were officers of the ship, a seventh was the German supercargo of a Bremen brig that we had chartered at Hong-Kong to bring coal and stones thus far for us, and the remaining two were the dingy boys.

Our German friend was quite talkative at first, indulging us with vivid descriptions of various European caves which he had explored in early life, and enlarging upon the feelings of intense interest which such enterprises were calculated to create in the inquiring mind. As we drew near to the cave, however, he became rather taciturn than otherwise, and as we reached its mouth, and the order was given to "hold water" with the oars, while the plan of procedure was being determined upon, he hazarded the remark that, "some vones more better make stops outside se rocks, vile se uzzer vones goes in;" but in this he was overruled at once, and a deep sea leadline having been securely fastened to a projecting fragment of rock, we backed boldly in under the gloomy and resounding anchorage. Keeping a light strain on the line, to "hold on by with," should the possible whirlpool prove a reality, the oars were taken in, and with boat-hooks and hands, we urged her cautiously through the thickening gloom.

And now the German proved to be right in one thing. It was "intensely interesting to our inquiring minds," as the boat dropped slowly away from daylight, rising and falling over the heavy swell, and grating harshly against unseen projections of the rocky sides. We began to think that the roof of the archway might get lower with unpleasant suddenness, and that the next swell might inform us of the fact by mashing our heads against it, for it was so very dark, that even with our lights, we could not see the rugged walls along which we were scraping. The feeling at last became so *intensely* interesting to the supercargo himself, that he again became communicative. "Vell! vell! I don't loike zis!" he said, nervously, "much better take some vone out of ze boat. 'Tis var small boat for so many peoples. I vait outside for some time. I not loike zis."

I must confess that I, John Smith, didn't "loike" it myself, and the feeling passing down into my fingers, caused them to tighten their grasp around the line, until the boat came to a stand still.

"Hillo! what's the matter?" asked the voice of the master.

"Slack the line, Smith, and let her go in," said the doctor. (Said Smith, who was seated in the bows, with his feet braced firmly against the stem, thought he'd much better *hold on* to the line until he could see where he was *going to slack her to*.)

"I feel bottom!" exclaimed an engineer, who was leaning over the side with a boat-hook.

"You feel the mischief!" broke in a fourth. "Your feeling the boat's bottom."

"I suppose I know what I'm about!" retorted the indignant feeler, "darkness don't keep one from *feeling*."

"I not loike it!" broke in the German; "much better vone, two, three at vonce. Boat var small."

"Well! let's haul out again, and leave half on the rocks," said another, who evidently began to think with him.

"Well, all right!" exclaimed several more of the party. Smith didn't say much, but he hung back on the line with such effect as to change night into day in a most amazing short space of time. He didn't like the gurgling noises in our rear; they sounded too much like those of a subterranean watercourse to make it pleasant.

"Vell! *I* gets out," said the German, as we ranged up alongside of the entrance.

"Oh, no! *you'd* better hold on," said he who had accused the engineer of feeling the boat's bottom.

"No, but I loiks better *here*;" replied the former explorer of European caves, as he jumped upon the rocks, and advised that, vone, two, three more better at vonce.

One by one, the party followed his example, until there were but four of us left to make the second attempt. One Smith, whose other name was John. The doctor, the master, and he who had accused him of the boat-hook of feeling the boat's bottom.

Backing in as before, we *progressed backward* quite smoothly until arrived near our former stopping place, when the doctor wisely remarked that "we'd better hold on a minute until our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, probably we might be able to see." So Smith's fingers again tautened around the line, and the party came to another halt. The wisdom of this proceeding soon made itself apparent, and then we began to wonder "why some one hadn't thought of it before!" The dark outlines of a vast and dome-like apartment became now every moment more distinct, until, with the assistance of our lights, we could see passably well. "Humph!" said one, "there's no whirlpool after all—it's only the surf rolling in among the rocks. I don't believe there's any current sets in either; it's all humbug after all. Give her a shove astern, Smith."

Smith slacked the line, and trusting to the eyes in the other end of the boat, gave her a most energetic shove.

"There it is! *Now* we're in for it! *Trim* boat! Haul out, Smith. *Confound* the bats!"

These confused and excited exclamations were the result of three things. The "energetic shove" had landed the old boat's stern on a sunken rock, which we subsequently found to be located exactly in mid channel. Secondly, the swell leaving her there, she canted over and came within an ace of spilling us all out. Lanterns were let fall the better to enable their holders to look out for No. 1, and the candles took advantage of the occasion to go out. Thirdly, a hundred or more bats alarmed by such unusual noises left their various stowholes and flying in our faces added their disgusting contact to the general drawbacks of the adventure. Smith began to wish himself with the German, and in order to gratify the longing, hauled heavily on the ever friendly line, and with the next swell we righted to an even keel, and surged ahead clear of the rock. We were no sooner again upright, however, than our courage returned, and we came to another halt, and began feeling about for the lanterns and matches. These found and lit, we noticed that the fright had considerably sharpened our sense of vision; I suppose our eyes had by this time adapted themselves to the darkness.

We now backed in again, slackening the line with more confidence, and poling her clear of the sunken rock with boat-hooks. Once inside of that, and we were all right, and the next moment the party jumped upon one of the large boulders of massive granite, that apparently composed the flooring of the cave, while Smith returned for the outsiders in a most triumphant mood.

This time we got in without any difficulty, one of those already there having remained on the boulder, with his light, to warn us as to the bearing of the sunken rock, which, being between him and the entrance, was plainly visible as the swell broke over it.

Leaving one of the boys in the boat to keep her clear of the rocks, we now lit our candles and commenced climbing over the boulders towards the centre of the dome, where we could see the dim and uncertain outlines of a truncated cone, upon the top of which was perched something very much like an ordinary dog kennel. This was by no means *pleasant* climbing, as one every now and then put his hand upon a king crab, a young bat, or some object equally pleasant to the touch; still we climbed on and finally reached the top.

It proved to be a rugged mound, half rock and half earth, and the dog kennel to be an ordinary joss house, within whose closed portals we discovered a finely executed bronze casting of their Sea God. A number of copper casts were around about his sacred feet, and a gilded serpent twined around his head, and reared its wide-spread jaws over the stupid oriental eyes of the image. Altogether, it was a most singular-looking "Josh," and more than one of the party, (as was subsequently acknowledged, though every one protested at the time that it would be a wanton outrage against the Japanese,) came to the secret determination to get possession of it before leaving the port. No one had the face to molest it *then*, from the simple fact that we knew that the Japanese spies had kept their glasses (they get these through the Dutch at Nangasaki) on our every movement since leaving the ship, and that they would visit the cave immediately after night, to see if we had carried off anything. So we went away empty-handed, if I may except an unfortunate young bat, who was mercilessly crowded into a large-mouthed bottle, by our enterprising assistant naturalist.

While making our exit from this heathen temple, we noticed that the arch which led to it was about one hundred yards long, crooked as an elbow, from five to ten yards in width, and of an average height of about fifteen feet, while the water measured seven fathoms at the mouth, decreasing as you neared the rotunda.

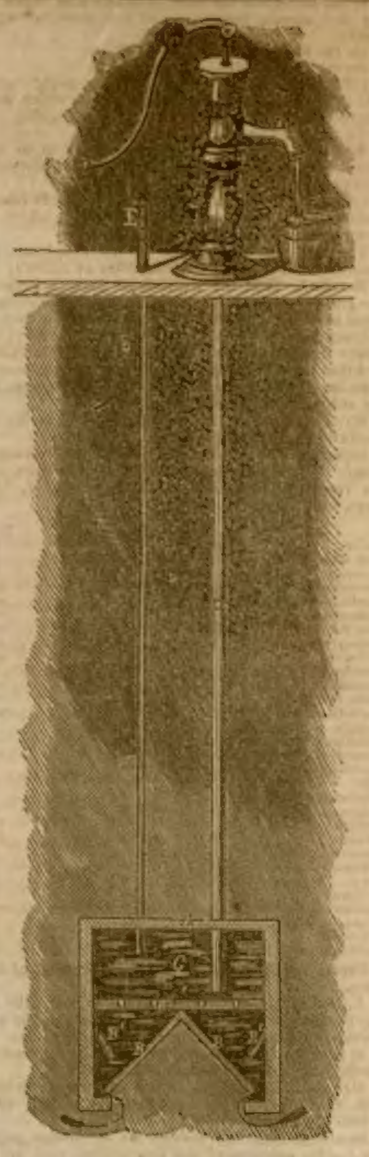
Knowing all this, it was very easy for me to return for Mr. Josh a few days later, but the sleepy old fellow had disappeared, and whether the Japanese fishermen or one of our own party had anticipated me, I have never learned to this day.

AGE.—But few men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passional, mental, or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes, even suddenly. The common expression, choked with passion, has little exaggeration in it; for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves; the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, to run; the weak burn out. The inferior animals, which live, in general, regular and temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. The horse lives twenty-five years; the ox fifteen or twenty; the lion about twenty; the dog ten or twelve; the rabbit eight; the guinea-pig six or seven years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size. But man, of all the animals, is the one that seldom comes up to his average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to this physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred; but instead of that he scarcely reaches, on the average, four times his growing period; the cat six times; and the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and the most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard-worked of all animals. He is also the most irritable of all animals; and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that, more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.—*Blackwood.*

BEAUTIFUL WORD-PAINTING.—"I cannot find words to express the intense pleasure I have always in first finding myself, after some prolonged stay in England, at the foot of the old tower of Calais church. The large neglect, the noble unnaghtliness of it; the record of its years written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay; its stern wasteness and gloom, eaten away by the Channel winds, and overgrown with the bitter sea-grass; its slates and tiles all shaken and rent, and yet not falling; its desert of brickwork full of holes, and holes, and ugly fissures, and yet strong, like a bare brown rock; its carelessness of what any one thinks or feels about it, putting forth no claim, having no beauty nor desirableness, pride, nor grace; yet neither asking for pity; not, as ruins are, useless and piteous, feebly or fondly garrulous of better days; but useful still, going through its own daily work—as some old fisherman beaten gray by storm, yet drawing his daily nets; so it stands, with no complaint about its past youth, in blanched and meagre massiveness and serviceableness, gathering human souls together underneath it; the sound of its bells for prayer still rolling through its rents, and the gray peak of it seen far across the sea, principal of the three that rise above the waste of sandy and hillocked shore—the lighthouse for life, and the belfry for labor, and this for patience and praise."—*Ruskin's Modern Painters.*

WORTH CONSIDERING.—The following paragraph from the pithy sayings of Ralph W. Emerson, contains food for reflection for a good many ladies and fast men—and not for "fast" men only, but for old "fogies" as well. We give it for the benefit of all whom it may concern:

"We spend our income for paint and paper, for a hundred trifles, I know not what, and not for the things of man. It is for sake that we run in debt; 'tis not the intellect, not the heart, not beauty, not worship that costs so much. We dare not trust our wit for making our house pleasant to our friend, and so we buy ice-creams. He is accustomed to carpets, and we have not sufficient character to put floor cloths out of his mind whilst he stays in the house, and so we pile the floor with carpets. Let a house rather be a temple for the furies of Lacedemon, formidable to all, which none but a Spartan may enter or so much as behold. As soon as there is society, comfits and cushions will be left for slaves.



THE IMPROVED RESERVOIR WELL.

This improvement is intended to dispense with the necessity of stoning up wells, and also to afford a supply of purer water than is obtained in the common manner. It consists in sinking a cistern under the ground to the proper distance, which shall serve as a reservoir to collect the water. The liquid is raised by means of a pump.

In our engraving, A is the cistern, which is open at the bottom, and divided within by diaphragms, or partitions, A', B B'. The water rises through perforated diaphragm, A', into reservoir C, whence it is made to ascend through pipe D, by means of the pump. E is an air pipe extending from the surface of the ground to the reservoir.

The water which supplies the reservoir, comes from the lowest strata. In ordinary wells, the water is apt to flow from the upper or surface strata, bringing ammoniacal and other impurities. An open well is also objectionable, owing to the free access it affords for insects and rubbish, which tend to make the contents impure.

By the present improvement, the water is collected at some distance from the surface of the ground, and is never exposed to contamination; at all seasons it will be found cool and perfectly pure.

This method of obtaining water, is believed to be simple, cheap, and permanent. The advantages named are said to be important, and such as will insure for it an extensive introduction. It has, it is stated, been in successful use for a long time. Patented Feb. 19, 1856. Address the inventor, W. D. Bartlett of Amesbury, Mass., for further information.

FETCHING WATER FROM THE WELL.

Early on a summer morning,
While the lark was singing sweet,
Came, beyond the ancient farm-house,
Sound of lightly tripping feet;
'Twas a lowly cottage maiden,
Going, why, let young hearts tell,
With her homely pitcher laden,
Fetching water from the well.

Shadows lay athwart the pathway,
All along the quiet lane,
And the breeze of the morning
Moved them to and fro again.
O'er the sunshine, o'er the shadow,
Passed the maiden of the farm,
With a charmed heart within her,
Thinking of no ill or harm.

Pleasant, surely, were her musings,
For the nodding leaves in vain
Sought to press their bright'ning image
On her ever busy brain.
Leaves and joyous birds went by her,
Like a dim, half-waking dream,
And her soul was only conscious
Of life's gladdest summer gleam.

At the old lane's shady turning
Lay a well of water bright,
Singing, soft, its hallelujahs
To the gracious morning light.
Fern leaves, broad and green, bent o'er it,
Where its silver droplets fell,
And the fairies dwelt beside it,
In the spotted fox-glove bell.

Back she bent the shading fern leaves,
Dipped the pitcher in the tide—
Drew it, with the dripping waters
Flowing o'er its glazed side.
But, before her arm could place it
On her shiny, wavy hair,
By her side a youth was standing!—
Love rejoiced to see the pair!

Tones of tremulous emotion
Trailed upon the morning breeze,
Gentle words of heart-devotion
Whisper'd 'neath the ancient trees.
But the holy, blessed secrets,
It becometh me not to tell;
Life had met another meaning—
Fetching water from the well!

Down the rural lane they sauntered,
He the burthened pitcher bore;
She, with dewy eyes down looking,
Grew more beauteous than before!
When they neared the silent homestead,
Up he raised the pitcher light;
Like a fitting crown he placed it
On her head of waveless bright.

Emblem of the coming burdens
That for love of him she'd bear,
Calling every burthen blessed,
If his love but lighten there!
Then, still waving benedictions,
Further—further off he drew,
While his shadow seemed a glory,
That across the pathway grew.

Now about her household duties,
Silently the maiden went,
And an ever-radiant halo
With her daily life was blent.
Little knew the aged matron,
As her feet like music fell,
What abundant treasure found she,
Fetching water from the well.

WAITERS.—This passage in Miss Burney's Evelina (1779) seems curious, as showing how lately the etiquette of waiters was introduced:

"Just then a servant brought Lady Louisa a note upon a waiter, which is a ceremony always used to her ladyship."

This curiosity may be interesting to those who are glad to know the dates of such introductions, without making martyrs of themselves by wading through three volumes of sentimentality.—*Notes and Queries.*

THE SHETLAND PONY.

Egypt was the original country for horses; but as they are now found in all parts of the world, they differ greatly, each kind of horse being adapted to the climate and productions of the country he inhabits. The Shetland pony is just the animal required in Scotland, the Shetland Islands, from which its name is derived and Canada. Its diminutive size suits the scanty vegetation of these countries, which would not support large animals; but if they were as feeble as they are small, they would be of little service. They, however, possess immense strength in proportion to its size, and are so tough and healthy that they can live among the mountains through the long winters, and survive to a great age, even fifty or sixty years.

In Scotland they are called Sheltics, and as they have to take care of themselves, they run almost wild upon the mountains, and will climb up steep places, standing with ease on the very edge of most frightful precipices. On the Sabbath they are always wanted to carry the families to church, and they must be caught on Saturday. The rogues know how to make this a difficult task. It is a pleasing sight on Sunday morning, to see one or two women mounted upon one of these ponies, covering him so completely with their large dresses, that nothing can be seen of the pony but its droll little head.

A middle sized man must ride with his knees raised to the animals shoulders, to prevent his toes from touching the ground. It is surprising to see with what speed they will carry a heavy mah over broken and zigzag roads in their native mountains.

A gentleman, some time ago, was presented with one of these handsome little animals, which was no less docile than elegant, and measured only seven hands, or twenty-eight inches in height. He was anxious to convey him to his present home as speedily as possible, but, being at a considerable distance was at a loss how to do so most easily. The friend said, "can you not carry him in your chaise?" He made the experiment and the Shelty was lifted into it, covered up with the apron, and some bits of bread given to keep him quiet. He lay peacefully till he reached his destination thus exhibiting the novel spectacle of a horse riding in a gig.

A gentleman had a white pony, which became extremely attached to a little white dog that lived with him in the stable; and, whenever the horse was taken out, the dog always ran by his side. One day, when the groom took out the pony for exercise, accompanied as usual by his canine friend, they met a large dog which attacked the diminutive cur, upon which the horse reared, and, to the astonishment of the bystanders, so effectually fought his friend's battle with his fore-feet, that the aggressor found it to his interest to scamper off at full speed, and never again ventured to assail the small dog.

A little girl, the daughter of a gentleman in Warwickshire, (England,) playing on the banks of a canal which runs through his grounds, had the misfortune to fall in, and would in all probability have been drowned, had not a little pony, which had long been kept in the family, plunged into the stream and brought the child safely ashore, without the slightest injury.

A farmer in Canada had a large number of ponies, and among them a very handsome and playful one, which was a great favorite with a little boy about ten years of age, the only child of the farmer. One day the boy was sent several miles on an errand for some money, with a warning to return before night, as the country was infested with robbers. His visit was so delightful that he forgot the command of his parents, and did not mount his pony to return until it was quite dark. His road lay through a thick forest, and it was not long before a highwayman attacked and dragged him from his horse, which ran swiftly homeward. Meantime, his terrified parents sat trembling by their fire-side, awaiting their boy's return. They were just preparing to go in search of him, when they heard the clattering of hoofs and soon after a loud kicking and pawing at the door. On opening it, they saw the pony in a state of great excitement, with his saddle and bridle dangling about him. He ran from them a short distance, then frisked about, and seizing the father's coat in his teeth, pulled him along. The agonized parents followed the animal, who ran ahead, constantly turning back and neighing to urge them onward. After travelling many miles through the woods, they came to the place where the boy had been robbed, and found him tied to a tree, stripped of his money and clothes, and half dead with fear and cold. He was placed on the pony's back who proudly bore him home, and was ever after treated as a true friend by the boy whose life he had saved.

We have somewhere read a curious story of a farmer who was in the habit of riding a little "Shelty" to an ale-house, some miles distant, where he squandered his hard earnings in drinking, and generally became so intoxicated that he could hardly mount his horse. But the animal knew his master's failing, and usually succeeded in bringing him safe to his house. But, one night, the man was so drunk that he rolled off into the mud when about half way home. The fall cut his head severely, and he lay with his foot in the stirrup, so that the poor horse could not move without treading on him. After standing patiently for some time, he became vexed with his beastly master, and, turning his head, gave him a hearty shaking. This roused the man from his stupor; but his hurt was so severe that he could not rise—though he tried to do so—till the horse took hold of his collar, and raised his head nearly to the saddle, when he contrived to crawl upon his back and was carried carefully home.

HOW MUCH DEPENDS ON A LATCHET.—Our farmer and other readers should ponder the following quotation from a recent work by M. Say:

"Being in the country, I had an example of one of those small losses which a family is exposed to through negligence. For the want of a latchet of small value, the wicket of a barn-yard leading to the fields was often left open. Every one who went through drew the door to; but as there was nothing to fasten the door with, it was always left flapping; sometimes open, and sometimes shut. So the cocks and hens, and the chickens, got out and were lost. One day a fine pig got out and ran off into the woods; and after the pig ran all the people about the place—the gardener, and the cook, and the dairymaid. The gardener first caught sight of the runaway, and, hastening after it, sprained his ankle; in consequence of which the poor man was not able to get out of the house again for a fortnight. The cook found, when she came back from pursuing the pig, that the linen she had left by the fire had fallen down and was burning; and the dairymaid having, in her haste, neglected to tie up one of her cows, the cow had kicked a colt, which was in the same stable, and broken its leg. The gardener's lost time was worth twenty crowns, to say nothing of the pain he suffered. The linen which was burned, and the colt which was spoiled, were worth as much more. Here, then, was caused a loss of forty crowns, as well as much trouble, plague and vexation, for the want of a latch which would not have cost threepence. M. Say's story is one of the many examples of the truth of the old proverb: 'For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, for want of a horse the man was lost.'"

A HINT FOR OUR MANAGERS.—A letter from Paris says: There is one thing in this piece of "Comme il vous plaira" which I have never seen before, and which they say is now done for the first time on any stage. Instead of having the scene representing a wood, and a chamber, and a street, etc., all on the same boards, they make an artificial ground by covering the whole stage with painted canvass, under which are represented the natural irregularities of the ground, flowers, rock and banks, and all that sort of thing, exactly as in nature. You have no idea how perfect the illusion is; and the only wonder is that it has not been tried before.

MOUNTAIN GLORY.

It seemed to the monks that the mountains were appointed by their Maker to be to man refuges from judgment, signs of redemption, and altars of sanctification and obedience; and they saw them afterwards connected, in the manner the most touching and gracious, with the death, after his task had been accomplished, of the first anointed priest; the death, in like manner, of the first inspired lawgiver; and, lastly, with the assumption of his office by the Eternal Priest, Lawgiver, and Saviour.

Observe the connection of these three events. Although the time of the deaths of Aaron and Moses was hastened by God's displeasure, we have not, it seems to me, the slightest warrant for concluding that the manner of their deaths was intended to be grievous or dishonorable to them. Far from this: it cannot, I think, be doubted that in the denial of the permission to enter the promised land, the whole punishment of their sin was included; and that as far as regarded the manner of their deaths, it must have been appointed for them by their master in all tenderness and love; and with full purpose of enobling the close of their service upon the earth. It might have seemed to us more honorable that both should have been permitted to die beneath the shadow of the Tabernacle, the congregation of Israel watching by their side; and all whom they loved gathered together to receive the last message from the lips of the meek lawgiver, and the last blessing from the prayer of the anointed priest. But it was not thus they were permitted to die. Try to realize that going forth of Aaron from the midst of the congregation. He who had so often done sacrifice for their sin going forth now to offer up his own spirit. He who had stood among them, between the dead and the living, and had seen the eyes of all that great multitude turned to him, that by his intercession their breath might yet be drawn a moment more, going forth now to meet the angel of death face to face, and to deliver himself into his hand. Try if you cannot walk, in thought, with those two brothers, and the son, as they passed the outmost tents of Israel, and turned, while yet the dew lay round about the camp, towards the slopes of Mount Hor; talking together for the last time, as step by step, they felt the steeper rising of the rocks, and hour after hour, beneath the ascending sun, the horizon grew broader as they climbed, and all the folded hills of Idumea, one by one subdued, showed amidst their hollows in the haze of noon, the windings of that long desert journey, now at last to close. But who shall enter into the thoughts of the High Priest, as his eye followed those paths of ancient pilgrimage; and, through the silence of the arid and endless hills, stretching even to the dim peak of Sinai, the whole history of those forty years was unfolded before him, and the mystery of his own ministries revealed to him; and that other Holy of Holies, of which the mountain peaks were the altars, and the mountain clouds the veil, the firmament of his Father's dwelling, opened to him still more brightly and infinitely as he drew nearer his death; until at last, on the shadeless summit—from him on whom sin was to be laid no more—from him, on whose heart the names of sinful nations were to press their graven fire no longer—the brother and the son took breastplate and ephod, and left him to his rest.

There is indeed a secretness in this calm faith and deep restraint of sorrow, into which it is difficult for us to enter; but the death of Moses himself is more easily to be conceived, and had in it circumstances still more touching, as far as regards the influence of the external scene. For forty years Moses had not been alone. The care and burden of all the people, the weight of their woe, and guilt, and death, had been upon him continually. The multitude had been laid upon him as he had conceived them; their tears had been his meat, night and day, until he had felt as if God had withdrawn His favor from him, and he had prayed that he might be slain, and not see his wretchedness. And now, at last, the command came, "Get thee up into this mountain." The weary hands that had been so long stayed up against the enemies of Israel, might lean again upon the shepherd's staff, and fold themselves for the shepherd's prayer—for the shepherd's slumber. *Not strange to his feet, though forty years unknown, the roughness of the bare mountain-path*, as he climbed from ledge to ledge of Abarim; not strange to his aged eyes the scattered clusters of the mountain herbage, and the broken shadows of the cliffs, indented far across the silence of uninhabited ravines; scenes such as those among which, with none, as now, beside him but God, he had led his flocks so often; and which he had left, how painfully! taking upon him the appointed power, to make of the fenced city a wilderness, and to fill the desert with songs of deliverance. It was not to embitter the last hours of his life that God restored to him, for a day, the beloved solitudes he had lost; and breathed the peace of the perpetual hills around him, and cast the world in which he had labored and sinned far beneath his feet, in that mist of dying blue; all sin, all wandering, soon to be forgotten forever; the Dead Sea—a type of God's anger understood by him, of all men, most clearly, who had seen the earth open her mouth, and the sea his depth, to overwhelm the companies of those who contended with his Master—laid waveless beneath him; and beyond it, the fair hills of Judah, and the soft plains and banks of Jordan, purple in the evening light as with the blood of redemption, and fading in their distant fulness into mysteries of promise and of love. There, with his unabated strength, his dimmed glance, lying down upon the utmost rocks, with angels waiting near to contend for the spoils of his spirit, he put off his earthly armor. We do deep reverence to his companion prophet, for whom the chariot of fire came down from heaven; but was his death less noble, whom his Lord Himself buried in the vales of Moab, keeping, in the secrets of the eternal councils, the knowledge of a sepulchre, from which he was to be called, in the fullness of time, to talk with that Lord, upon Hermon, of the death that He should accomplish at Jerusalem?—*Ruskin's Modern Painters.*

HOW IT FEELS TO BE HANGED.—An acquaintance of Lord Bacon's, who meant to hang only partially, lost his footing, and was cut down at the last extremity, having nearly paid for his curiosity with his life. He declared that he felt no pain, and his only sensation was of fire before his eyes; which changed first to black and then to sky blue. These colors are even a source of pleasure. A Captain Montagnac, who was hanged in France during the religious wars, and rescued from the gibbet at the intercession of Viscount Turenne, complained that, having lost all pain in an instant, he had been taken from a light of which the charm defied description. Another criminal who escaped by the breaking of the cord, said that, after a second of suffering, a fire appeared, across it the most beautiful avenue of trees. Henry IV., of France, told his physician to question him, and when mention was made of a pardon, the man answered coolly that it was not worth the asking. The uniformity of the descriptions render it useless to multiply instances. They fill pages in every book of medical jurisprudence. All agree that the uneasiness is quite momentary, that a pleasurable feeling immediately succeeds, that colors of various hues start up before the sight, and that, these having been gazed on for a trivial space, the rest is oblivion. The mind, averted from the reality of the situation, is engaged in scenes the most remote from that which fills the eye of the spectator—the vile rabble, the hideous gallows, and the struggling form that swings in the wind.—*London Review.*

TO THE CURIOUS IN FRENCH HISTORY.—*A. D.* 1794, Robspierre guillotined; 1, 7, 9, 4 added to the year make 1815, when Napoleon lost his throne; 1, 8, 1, 5 added to 1815 make 1830, the fall of Charles X.; 1, 8, 3, 0 added to 1830 make 1842, death of Duc d'Orleans; 1, 8, 4, 2 added to 1842 make 1857.—*What next?*

COOPER AND MARRYAT.—A writer in the Dublin University Magazine institutes the following parallel between the greatest American and the greatest English sea novelist. "Cooper's *style* is beyond compare superior to Marryat's on the score of precision and accuracy of language, and his sentences are grave, sonorous, and majestic. Marryat writes in an off-hand, free-and-easy, conversational manner, which is certainly exactly adapted to the subject-matter of his works. Cooper's mind was essentially poetic; Marryat's essentially prosaic. Cooper constructed enthralling stories, which held us in breathless suspense, and made our brows alternately pallid with awe and terror, or flushed with powerful emotion; Marryat gleefully dashed off a reckless yarn, full of unconnected adventures and anecdotes. Cooper's books, when once taken up, are so fascinating that we must, perforce, read on from beginning to end, panting to arrive at the thrilling denouement; Marryat's are just gossipy volumes for old leisure hours, or half hours, to be taken up, opened at random, lightly read, laughed at, and laid carelessly down again, as the humor suits. Cooper's writings are so subtle, that they must be studied, and read o'er and o'er again; Marryat's are merely surface reading. In Cooper's works, our interest is irresistably enlisted in the fate of the ship, and of the leading characters, whose fortunes we follow with absorbing anxiety; in Marryat's, we don't care a straw for any particular ship, hero, or character, they amuse us for the moment, and that is all. Cooper can make us weep with sympathy, with pity, with yearning love and admiration; Marryat cannot excite any tears but those of laughter. Cooper created original characters as marvellously true to nature that they seem living beings presented to our corporeal vision—witness Tom Coffin, (of the dainty *Ariel*,) and honest Dick Fid, and his friend, the noble negro, Scipio, (of the *Red Rovers*;) Marryat never drew a single character worthy to be ranked alongside the above. Cooper (who was a man of sincere piety) never shocked us with blasphemy and immoral levity of language on the part of his characters; Marryat too frequently did. Cooper occasionally was richly humorous; but Marryat undoubtedly excelled him in broad comic fun and humor. (Neither of them had *wit*.) Cooper's works delight young and old, of all classes; and so do Marryat's in a lesser degree; and yet Marryat is relished more by *seamen* than Cooper, and we attribute this to the fact that seamen prefer entertaining professional anecdotes and mess-table gossip, in which line Marryat was unrivalled. Cooper's writings abound with the noblest conceptions of the terrors and sublimity of the hoary ocean; Marryat's rarely do more than hastily glance at the marvels and mysteries which Cooper delighted in expounding and exploring to their hidden depths. In two respects the authors are alike. Cooper's heroines generally are dead failures; so are Marryat's. Cooper's early works are his best; so are Marryat's. Both wrote worse when veterans than at the outset of their career of authorship. If we might hazard a simile, we should say that Cooper was a magnificent first-rater, moving majestically, 'mid cloud and storm, through the heaving billows; Marryat, a dashing frigate, bounding saucily along from wave to wave, flaunting, all a-taunt-o with tackle trim, in the morning sunbeams. Finally—Marryat's works have been read by tens and by hundreds of thousands; Cooper's literally by millions and by tens of millions, for they have passed through numberless editions in America and England, have been translated into almost every civilized language throughout the globe.

"Such were Marryat and Cooper. If the former was the *King* of the naval novelists of Great Britain, Cooper was the EMPEROR of the naval novelists of *all* countries; and there is this enormous difference between the King and the Emperor—the former was an estimable writer of versatile talent, and the latter a glorious prose-poet of the very loftiest genius. The gulf between the two is, and ever will be, impassable."

ONE OF THE STORIES.—Says C. A. B., in the *Home Journal*: "I heard an anecdote, the other day, which amused me very much. I will give it you. It is on good authority—an officer who was at the mess when the conversation occurred. A brother officer (noted as a 'Munchausen') was entertaining a mixed company with several stories of his exploits, a la 'Gordon Cumming,' amongst the lions and tigers of India. Once he was out lion-hunting, and had spent all his ammunition, when an old lion came up. 'At first,' said the narrator, 'I thought to fly—but, on second thoughts, I remembered it had been said to be possible to *mesmerize an animal*; whereupon I concentrated my forces, and brought my eye to bear upon his. Presently his tail dropped, and he retired backward, leaving me master of the field! Proud of my victory, I went out unarmed, the next day, and met the same lion; and again tried mesmeric influence; he was again preparing to give way, when a rustle in the jungle caused me to waver; and, in an instant, he would have sprung on me, before I could mesmerize him again, if the officer who had moved in the jungle had not shot him dead!' An old officer who was laughing at the boldness of the fib, carelessly said: '*I was the man who fired the rifle.*' In no way dismayed, the other walked across the room with much *empressement*, saying: '*Give me your hand, I owe you my life!*' My friend says it was one of the most admirable farces he ever saw; the lion-hunter not being thrown off his centre for one moment!"

POOR BRUIN.—John Cheney, the mighty hunter of the Adirondacks, tells the following bear story. One fall, when trapping for bears, there was one trap which he had neglected for a few days. When he went to examine it, he found it was gone—a bear being caught in it had carried it off bodily. There was, as usual, a stick of wood attached to the trap as a clog, to prevent it from being carried off far.—By the trail of this, he followed until it led him, at a half-mile's distance, to a great pile of brush. He knew what it was, for he had heard of such things before; and immediately set to work to demolish it. First, there were large branches; then smaller branches, sticks and rotten wood; then leaves, moss and earth; and last of all, "the tarnal critter himself," as John called him, coiled up, with his fore paws firmly clasped in the trap. There he had died; and his companion bears having found him, thus paid the last token of respect to their poor unfortunate brother bruin.

The fact of animals having respect for the bodies of their deceased friends, argues a kind of instinct superior to that which finds them in their peculiar ways and means of providing for their own support; but instances of the latter are to be frequently found.

A NEW ANECDOTE OF THACKERAY.—The author of "Benjamin Disraeli, a Biography," is a Mr. Abraham Hayward, who, it appears from a London paper, has a fondness for high society, a distinguished member of which he considers himself; and, one day, being asked to dine with a certain Duke, and finding that Thackeray was also invited, he proposed that they should share a cab there together. On their way, Mr. Hayward was very grand in his discourse, and was kind enough to instruct his friend as to the manner in which he ought to conduct himself in the distinguished company which he was about to join. Thackeray bore it all very patiently, and apparently listened attentively—but he had his revenge. When they had arrived at their destination, and were standing in the hall, surrounded by a crowd of solemn livery servants, Thackeray walked gravely up to Hayward, and, in an audible voice, *offered to toss up for his share of the cab fare!* You can imagine Mr. Hayward's dismay at what he considered such dreadful vulgarity.

THE HEIGHT OF GOODNESS.—To love the public, to study universal good, and to promote the interest of the whole world, as far as lies within our power, is the height of goodness, and makes that temper which we call divine.—*Shaftesbury.*

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;
OR,
THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Very differently had that lady spent the morning—among milliners, mantua-makers, jewellers and fancy goods dealers; and having left extravagant orders with all, she had turned her horses' heads from the shops, and drove around to call or leave cards upon several ladies of her circle.

It was late in the afternoon when she returned. As the carriage rolled through the *porte cochere*, and entered the court-yard within, the lady noticed an unusual but suppressed excitement among the loitering lacqueys of the establishment. She alighted from the carriage, entered, and ascended the grand staircase, near the head of which she found Victor waiting. But this official, instead of, as in duty bound, walking before his mistress, to open doors, stood in her way, bowing.

"*Eh bien! qu'est ?*" inquired the lady.

"*Monsieur l'Abbe de l'Ecole de la Charite attendent, madame.*"

"*Ou, donc, est Monsieur l'Abbe?*"

"*En le petitte chambre d' l'Irlandaise.*"

"*Allez vous, donc!*" said the lady, coolly.

The servant bowed and led the way to the extremity of the corridor, where he opened the door, announced Madame Malmaison, and retired. The lady entered the room, not recognizing in the darkened light either the dead body extended upon the bed, or the form of the gray, bowed, old man watching beside it.

"You wish to see me, mon pere," she said, calmly and silently.

"Oui, madame! *Voila?*" exclaimed the priest, suddenly rising and taking her hand, and drawing her to the bedside, while he stripped off the covering, revealing the face of the dead.

"Francis Laglorieux? you here? You have changed so, that I did not recognize you," said Mrs. Malmaison, calmly.

"*Voila?*" exclaimed the priest sternly, pointing to the face of the dead.

"What is the matter with Bridget?"

"*Elle est MORTE—par vous!*"

"*Pere?*" exclaimed the lady, in a tone of calm rebuke.

"Madame! you have wonderful self-command—let it avail you while I speak!" said the priest, in the same deep, stern voice, as he compelled this impassible woman to take the chair in front of him, and listen while he addressed her.

"Madame, you are a very skillful, and hitherto you have been a very successful woman, principally through favor of your protector, Satan! But know you, that the Prince of Darkness, like other great potentates, in time grows weary of his favorites, and leaves them to their own weak devices?—as has Satan deserted you, madame! In no other way can I account for the manifest weakness of your late conduct."

"Sir, will you please to come nearer to the point? Your language—to say nothing of its discourtesy, which I am willing to excuse—is exceedingly vague!"

"Then it shall be as pointed as you please, madame! There are but a few words I have to say to you, and there is but one demand I have to make of you. I am about to speak the former and require the latter! All else I leave to Monsieur le Commissaire de Police."

"Go on, sir, in heaven's name!"

"Attend, then—twenty-one years since—"

"In truth, sir, you go back very far! almost beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant," sneered the lady.

Without noticing the interruption, the priest continued—

"I espoused, in your presence, Eustacia Malmaison. Called away imperatively from the neighborhood, I left her in your care. That was the last I ever saw of my bride. You wrote to me that *she* had brought dishonor on her house and fled. *I* sought her, by the false clue you had given me, through the world! How fruitlessly, you know! After years had passed, heart-broken and despairing, I entered the church."

"*Il est une histoire ancienne,*" said the lady.

"*Oui! mais avec une consequence moderne et une denouement inevitable! Voila la mort!* She was your accomplice! but her conscience troubled her. She sought to relieve her soul by the sacrament of confession; but her spiritual director ordered her to put away her sin—in other words, no longer to hide, but to disclose the falsehood of which she was the abettor before he could give her absolution. She could not bring herself to do this! shame, and a certain strange affection for you, and perhaps fear of you, kept her silent under the goadings of her conscience. But she was a good Catholic, and could not live excommunicated by her Church. As year by year passed—as festival after festival of the Church was celebrated, of which she was forbidden to participate, the weight of her sin grew heavier and still heavier. You saw the burden on her heart, the struggle in her mind; and, with your marvellous power, for a long time you controlled the operations of that mind. But at last the conscience of one poor humble and ignorant woman grew to be a power that even *you* could not hold in perpetual abeyance! You saw it—you knew it! It seemed necessary to your safety that this woman's tongue should be stilled. Well, you did not dare to poignard her in sleep—but you knew a certain weakness to which she was subject. You left a temptation in her way, and when the habit had become established—listen, madame!—you put a deadly poison in your decanter of cognac. The victim fell into the trap! Enough! So far the plot was arranged with consummate skill, so as not to put *your own* life in danger! *Mais Voila!* did not Satan desert you? How else should you have failed to foresee that the hour of death for *her* would be the hour of disclosure of the past, and of ruin for you? Finding herself ill unto death, she made a last communication—not under the *seal* of sacramental confession, but before two witnesses, to establish her words. Shall I disclose to you the subject of her confession, madame?"

"*L'est n'importe!* she was probably delirious!" said the lady, calmly.

"Ada Malmaison! demon that you now know that I know you are—your demonology will not serve you farther! While there is yet time to do one voluntary good act of restitution in your life, tell me—where is Eustacia?"

"Do you suppose that you will learn from me? I know nothing of the poor woman you name. You have given your speech more license, sir, than even your holy habit warrants. You see how little it has moved me. Yet, but in respect to that holy habit, I had not heard you so long. Now, reverend sir, will you have the good feeling to withdraw, and permit the attendance of women to prepare this dead for burial."

"Madame, I withdraw. Yet there will probably be *other visitors* to this chamber, ere your women are permitted to disturb this death-bed. Madame's *business* has been conducted with a tact and policy that will save her life, but not that for which she *lives*—that which is dearer than life—*honor*—position! This heinous affair cannot pass without investigation, which certainly will not develope anything to Madame Malmaison's credit. Ha! had you, Satan forsaken, self-blinded, *lost sight of that necessity?*" asked the priest, upon perceiving just the slightest change of color in that marble face; it was not a turning pale—for more colorless than usual, she could not be;—but it was as though the faintest shade of gray had overspread the alabaster fairness of her skin, and there was a scarcely perceptible tremor in her voice, as she said—

"Once more! will you do me the favor of retiring, Monsieur l'Abbe?"

"Once more! will you do me the favor of informing me what has become of Eustacia Laglorieuse?"

"No, sir," answered Mrs. Malmaison, coolly and firmly, for she had quickly recovered her self-command.

"*Eh bien, Madame!*" I leave you to reconsider that reply," said the priest, as he withdrew from the room of death.

"Victor, show me into some private sitting-room, and then go and inform Mademoiselle Laglorieuse that I await her," were the Abbe's directions to the servant he found still lingering in the corridor.

Victor opened the door of an *joli petit appartement* on the left, where Vivia soon joined her "spiritual father." Nearly related as they were—uncle and niece, guardian and ward, teacher and pupil, almost father and child, as they had been for the first half of Vivia's short life; long as they had been separated; much as they loved each other; their reunion was without any other expression of affection than the tender meeting of their eyes, and the loving tones of their voices. When she came in, he took her hand and stood holding it for a moment and looking upon her. Who is insensible to beauty? Not even this gray, bent, prematurely old and broken-hearted priest; and his eyes rested in pride and admiration upon the graceful head, with its falling ringlets of rich, resplendent auburn hair, the snowy polished forehead, the perfect arch of the brows, the long fall of the silky lashes, shading beauteous eyes of purplish blue, the rich damask bloom on cheeks and lips, and the finely developed, though lithe and graceful form. "How beautiful," said the eyes and heart of the man.

"You are like your mother, my child," said the calm lips of the priest.

"My mother," repeated Vivia; life-long regret, tenderness, wonder, intensity, all were expressed in the tone in which those two words were uttered.

"We have both changed much since we parted, my child. You have grown up with womanhood. I have fallen into age and decrepitude. I should have known you anywhere by your likeness to your mother, even had not Victor prepared me to expect to see you, by the information that this floor was occupied by Madame Malmaison. For you seem the perfect reappearance of my sainted Marie. But, changed as I am, how did you know me, my child?"

"Ah! as if any superficial change could veil you from me! Your eyes and voice, *mon pere*, remain unchanged," said Vivia, tenderly, as she sank into a chair, and pointed out another to the weary man.

"Not forgotten, my child, yet feebly remembered Vivia! for my letters for the last two years have remained unanswered!" said the priest, in gentle reproach.

"What do you say, my father? *Your* letters unanswered! I wrote to you regularly until letter after letter of mine having failed to elicit a reply, I thought that you had left Paris, and then I wrote to your provincal to inquire, but failed also in obtaining an answer from him. Then not knowing where to address you, having lost trace of you, I waited patiently for you to recollect and write to *me?*" exclaimed Vivia, in irrepressible wonder.

"*Mon Dieu! Toujours cette femme de diable!*" ejaculated the priest in astonishment and indignation.

"*Could* she have intercepted the letters? *Would* she have done so?"

"Would she have hesitated to do *anything* that should seem to serve her interests? You heard poor Bridget's communication; what think you of it?"

"A portion of it—that which related to Austin's parentage, did not surprise me. In the course of my short life, certain impressions received, I scarcely know how, or when, slight indices pointed out to me the true parentage (on one side at least) of Austin. The confession of poor Bridget only confirmed what I before suspected, and added some missing links to the chain of evidence."

"Slight indices, you said, had pointed out to you the true parentage of Austin, *on one side at least.* Which side was that?" asked the Abbe, with intense interest.

"His mother's," replied Vivia, in a low voice.

She held in her hand a thin packet of letters, and a small morocco case; opening the latter, she put it in the hands of the priest, inquiring,

"Father! do you recognise that face?

It was the miniature likeness of Mother Agatha in her Abbess dress. A rush of emotion flushed empurpled the face of the Abbe, which as suddenly receding, left him white, and almost feeble as the dying.

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! c'est Eustacie! ou donc est elle?*" he cried, in piercing tones.

"She is at the Convent of Genevieve, in Maryland, where I was educated. She was the Abbess who sheltered me the first night of my arrival, from the storm, and in whose charge I was afterwards left for education. She was the Abbess of whose goodness and whose sorrow I wrote to you so often, and with whom I continued to live until reclaimed by Mrs. Malmaison—"

"*L'est femme de diable encore! Toujours c'est femme de diable!*" interrupted the priest.

While these explanations were passing between Vivia and the Abbe, Mrs. Malmaison was very differently engaged. Having given particular instructions respecting the proper arrangement of the remains of her unfortunate servant, this lady passed serenely on to her dressing-room, made a new toilet, and then, calm, fair, fragrant, and fresh as any morning dew-cooled lily, entered her *salon*, to receive a party of distinguished visitors, among whom was her *fiance*, the Vicomte De Lorzerre, with his sisters. It was here, in her pride of place, surrounded by her court, as it were, that this queen of beauty and of sin was attended by certain official visitors, who were not of the invited guests. It was about an hour after her entrance, and while her company were engaged in a lively and desultory conversation, that the door was thrown open by a servant in attendance, who announced—

"*Monsieur le Sergent de Police, pour madame.*"

"*Le traitre?*" muttered that lady, between her fair lips, as she glanced at Victor; when, to the consternation of the assembled guests, a *Sergent de Police*, attended by a subordinate officer, entered, advanced directly up to the lady of the establishment, and bowing very deeply, inquired,

"*Madame Malmaison, n'est ce pas?*"

"*Oui, Monsieur,*" replied that lady, with cool, questioning *hauteur*.

"*Pardon, madame, mais Monsieur le Commissaire* desires the honor of madame's presence at the *cour de police,*" said the officer, very politely, or very ironically, and serving the warrant with the air of a man presenting a card of invitation.

The same slight gray shadow fell for an instant on the lady's face, and vanished, as she answered, quietly,

"*Tres bien.* Be good enough to ring the bell and order my carriage while I prepare myself."

"*Qu'est ce que?*" inquired the Vicomte, coming forward, with consternation on his countenance.

"*C'est rien—au revoir, Monsieur?*" replied Ada, smiling in undisturbed serenity, as she curtsied, and gracefully and majestically passed off through the door leading to her boudoir and bed chamber.

"*Pardonnez, mes, Madame, si vous plait*—leave the doors of communication open," said the *sergent de police*, following and keeping her in sight.

Haughtily the lady nodded compliance. Only a small and elegant ly appointed boudoir intervened between the salon and the bedroom at the extremity of this suit of apartments; and, therefore, as both doors were left open, not only the police officers, but the whole company in the *salon*, had a full view of those rooms and Mrs. Malmaison's proceedings. There was an elegant toilet table at the farther end of the farthest room, and in the direct line of vision from the doors. To this table Ada Malmaison slowly advanced, and stood before the mirror, with her back towards the spectators, and seemed engaged in arranging or toying with the light tresses of her hair. Then she took up and put down in succession several of those elegant little trifles with which her toilet stand was adorned. Finally she turned half-around, threw up both white arms, and fell forward prostrate on the floor.

With a simultaneous exclamation of horror, the visitors rushed into the chamber. The sergeant of police, who was nearest and first on the fatal spot, raised the wretched woman from the floor. Her head and arms fell back, hanging helplessly. She was already dead; and the tiny crystal vial that fell empty from her relaxed fingers, and around which still lingered the faint sweet odor of bitter almonds, spoke the rest.

Enough—too many painful scenes have been described. Permit me to pass lightly over those that ensue. As the alarm spread, all the household flocked to the chamber of the catastrophe. Of the guests of the *salon*, the greater portion hurried away, perhaps to escape from assisting at the impending *enquete* within—perhaps also to spread the terrible intelligence without; while the few remained probably from the mixed motives of curiosity to witness what should follow and of conscious obligation to give in their own testimony. It was in the midst of the confusion incident upon the tragedy that Austin, returning from his ride to Versailles, found his home in possession of the police and a crowd. Vivia, pale with grief and horror, and supported on the arm of the Abbe Laglorieux was by order of the coroner present at the *enquete*. It was from the servants of the hall that Austin hastily gathered the knowledge of what had occurred. But little affection had ever existed between Austin and his *soi disant* mother, yet the intelligence of her awful fate overwhelmed him with affliction. "Suicide by prussic acid" was the verdict rendered after the *enquete*.

Pass we hastily over the days that followed—the doubly sorrowful funeral of the self-killed—the city talk, the newspaper paragraphs—the comments pro and con of the most excitable and most forgetful people in the world. For a day nothing else was spoken of but this event—in a week it was totally forgotten.

After the horror of the suicide's unblessed funeral was over, there came a quiet day when Vivia presented Austin to the Abbe Laglorieux, and left them together to come to a mutual understanding. Various circumstances and events in the life of this young man, slight in themselves, yet important in their suggestions, had in some measure prepared him to hear that he was the son by *adoption only* of the late unhappy woman whom he had so long addressed by the sacred name of mother. When the Abbe related the story of his youthful love and imprudent marriage, and the subsequent loss of his bride, followed by his own entrance into the priesthood; and finally ended by disclosing the very recent discovery of his long lost wife in the Abbess of Genevieve, and of his unknown son in Austin—the latter was not precisely ready to "rush into his father's arms"—but sat pale, silent, thoughtful, incredulous, hesitating even with a comment, still looking upon, still feeling towards the venerable man before him as towards a perfect, though rather prepossessing stranger.

But when the Abbe again spoke of his mother—his *true* mother—the image of that beautiful pale nun whom he had once seen dispensing alms at the convent gate, and whose dark, mournful eyes and deep, melodious voice had so strangely and sweetly thrilled his nerves and heart, Austin hastily interrupted the Abbe's speech by exclaiming—

"We must go to her, sir! We must go to her at once! I mean that Vivia and myself must do so—and—is it not possible that you can get leave to accompany us, *mon pere?*"

"Yes, Austin, I can and will. My provincal will absolve and dismiss me, Austin. I attend you of course."

And still Austin did not offer himself to his father's embrace. Indeed he seemed rather reserved towards that aged man, and it was clear that if any affection or friendship was to grow up between those two it must germinate gradually from the deep-soiled esteem of long association and mutual knowledge.

And so the Eastern tour was for the present delayed, and our friends made arrangements for returning with all possible expedition to their own country.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MONEY NOT AN EVIL.—It is quite common to hear even well educated people quote the Bible as saying, "money is the root of all evil." The Bible says nothing of the kind; the true quotation is, "the love of money is the root of all evil." Money is the means of procuring the necessaries and conveniences of life, but the love of it as an end, instead of the means, is as silly as the tulip-mania of Holland a few hundred years ago. "Give me neither poverty nor riches," is another Bible text, and contains the true philosophy of the whole matter.

☞ The sun is like God, sending abroad life, beauty, and happiness; and the stars like human souls, for all their glory comes from the sun.—*Jean Paul.*

GORDON CUMMING AND THE WILD DOGS.

A YOUTH DREAM.

BY ELIZABETH G. BARBER.

He stands alone in his beauty,
That early love of mine,
With the purest face and the noblest grace,
Of all the souls that shine
In the portraits fair, in Memory's hall,
With sunlight and shadow over them all.

He stands alone in his beauty;
I dream, and I see the Rhine
Sweep o'er the plain, as I stand again
With that young, dear love of mine
As we stood that sunny morning,
When the ocean storms were past,
And our eyes ran o'er that still green shore,
To which our souls had gone before,
Ere we lived our dreams at last.
And the Rhine rolls slow, with a chiming flow,
And a flash of amethyst just below,
Where the castle shadows loom,
With the grim old towers, and the vineyard bowers,
And the rugged rocks between.

And I see him stand in his beauty,
With his softly waving hair,
With the heaven that lies in his dreamy eyes,
And the grace of his youth so rare;
And he murmurs ever entreatingly,
"Come hither, come hither, oh, love with me,
Down the silent tide our bark shall glide
Through the smiling lands to a far-off sea,
To the far-off, dim Eternity."

He stands alone in his beauty,
And the blue Campagna lies
In the sweetest prime of its golden clime,
Before my dreaming eyes.
We sit as we sat together,
On a terraced hill-side green,
And the musical spell of the shepherd's bell,
And murmurs of melody round us swell
And the blue skies o'er us lean.

And we look on Rome with its crowning dome,
As we saw it in dreams in our far-off home;
And the silvo-boughs sway to and fro,
Dreamily, dreamily, murmuring low,
In the soft blue mist of the breathless noon,
And the flashing fountain murmurs a tune,
To the rippling silver stream.
And my love and I, 'neath the deep blue sky,
Talk of the Roman lover's dream,
And the days when the Roman eagle furled
Its dusky wing o'er half the world.

He stands alone in his beauty,
And this dream is with me ever,
And I hear the dirge of the restless surge,
As he stands again on his Life's green verge,
On the shore of Death's dark river—
And folding his hands on the bosom
Where my brow may lean no more,
He passes away in the brightness
Which streams from a distant shore.

And now as the years roll downward,
To the solemn strand of Time,
I look before to a brighter shore,
And I hear a distant chime,
A murmur of wings, and of golden strings,
And snowy robes in the distance blue,
And purple pinions, fluttering
The clouds of the sunset through—
And I seem to see a pale, pure face,
With its well-remembered smile and grace,
But sweeter, purer, holier far,
To worship, as one might worship a star.

And so in that perfect beauty
Which has won its crown divine,
I think of thee, as I yet shall see
Thy smile, young love of mine.
And if ever the world's gay voices,
My soul from its trust would win,
I look before to a brighter shore,
Where the better years begin,—
Where the new bright life, with Heaven and thee,
Flows on to vast Eternity.

MACAULAY AND THE QUAKERS.—"Several correspondents," says the London Athenæum, "have addressed us on the relationship of Mr. Macaulay to the Quakers—and we observe that some of our contemporaries occupy themselves with this question. The fact that Mr. Macaulay is the grandson of a Quaker admits of no doubt. That Mr. Macaulay's grandfather was disowned by the Society of Friends, also admits of no doubt. How far this public act of repudiation may have been the consequence of 'dishonesty' on the part of Mr. Macaulay's grandfather—as most of our correspondents assert—and how far early feelings may have embittered the heart of the historian himself toward the Quaker body, are questions which we cannot answer, and do not care to discuss. When the Society of Friends casts out a member, the reason assigned for the disgrace is: 'conduct inconsistent with the truth,' a phrase which the outside world must interpret according to its own lights. Mr. Macaulay's grandfather, Thomas Mills, kept a bookshop in Bristol. He was not originally a Quaker, but, professing to be convinced of the truth of Quaker principles; he was admitted into membership in 1778. Eleven years later, he was publicly disowned. But he continued to use the garb and speech of a Quaker, and even to attend the Quaker meetings, to the last. His daughter, Selina, married Zachary Macaulay; and was the mother of the essayist and historian. These facts are matters of history, whatever inference may be drawn from them by the curious."

☞ FALSE HAPPINESS.—False happiness is like false money; it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions; but when it is brought to the touch we find the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.—*Pope.*

GORDON CUMMING
AND THE WILD DOGS.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

One only conversant with the dog in his domestic and tamed condition, would not be apt to fear meeting a large number of the wild members of the species;—but, according to Mr. Cumming's account, it is an interview not to be courted. He had been hunting on the plains, and at night watched the distant vley to the northward of his camp, when the moon rose and discovered a troop of wildebeest within range. One of these he shot, and soon afterwards discharged his gun at a large spotted hyena, when he returned it to his holster, and almost immediately lay down and slept.

"I had not slept long," he continues, "when my rest was broken by strange sounds. I dreamt that lions were rushing about in quest of me, and, the sounds increasing, I awoke with a sudden start, uttering a loud shriek. I could not for several seconds remember in what part of the world I was, or anything connected with my present position. I heard the rushing of light feet, as of a pack of wolves close on every side of me, accompanied by the most unearthly sounds. On raising my head, to my utter horror I saw on every side nothing but savage wild dogs, chattering and growling. On my right and on my left, and within a few paces of me, stood two lines of these ferocious looking animals, cocking their ears and stretching their necks to have a look at me; while two large troops, in which there were at least forty of them, kept dashing backwards and forwards across my wind, within a few yards of me, chattering and growling with the most extraordinary volubility. Another troop of wild dogs were fighting over the wildebeest I had shot, which they had begun to devour. On beholding them, I expected no other fate than to be instantly torn to pieces and consumed. I felt my blood curdling along my cheeks, and my hair bristling on my head. However, I had presence of mind to consider that the human voice and a determined bearing might overawe them, and accordingly, springing to my feet, I stepped on to the little ledge surrounding the hole, where, drawing myself up to my full height, I waved my large blanket with both hands, at the same time addressing my savage assembly in a loud and solemn manner. This had the desired effect; the wild dogs removed to a more respectful distance, barking at me something like collies. Upon this I snatched up my rifle and commenced loading, and before this was accomplished, the entire pack had passed away and did not return."

Game of a more formidable description next appeared upon the scene, for fifteen larger hyenas supplied the place of the dogs, and attacked the carcase of the wildebeest, of which, long before the morning, they left scarcely a vestige. Pursuing his sport, however, he afterwards seeks for other game, and we find him, with two followers, riding along the bases of the mountains, through woody dells and open glades, until he reaches a grand forest, gray with age. Here he finds his first eland. This magnificent animal is by far the largest of all the antelope kind, exceeding in size the dimensions of a large ox. It also attains an extraordinary condition, being often burthened with a very large amount of fat. Its flesh in most excellent, and is justly esteemed above all others. It is tender, and fit for use the moment the animal is killed. An old bull of this description Mr. Cumming discovers enjoying the shade of a spreading tree.

"He was the first I had seen," he continues, "and was a noble specimen, standing about six feet high at the shoulder. Observing us, he made off at a gallop, springing over the trunks of decayed trees which lay across his path; but very soon he reduced his pace to a trot. Spurring my horse, another moment saw me riding hard behind him. Twice in the thickets I lost sight of him, and he very nearly escaped me; but at length, the ground improving, I came up with him, and rode within a few yards behind him. Long streaks of foam now streamed from his mouth, and a profuse perspiration had changed his sleek gray coat to an ashy blue. Tears trickled from his large dark eye, and it was plain that the elan's hours were numbered. Pitching my rifle to my shoulder, I let fly at the gallop, and mortally wounded him behind; then spurring my horse, I shot past him on his right side, and discharged my other barrel behind his shoulder, when the eland staggered for a moment and subsided in the dust. My two followers soon made their appearance, and seemed delighted at my success. Having kindled a fire, they cut out steaks, which they roasted on the embers; I also cooked a steak for myself, spitting it upon a forked branch, the other end of which I sharpened with my knife, and stuck into the ground."

The skin of this eland, like that of most other antelopes, emitted the most delicious perfume of trees and grass.

"Having eaten my steak," he continues, "I rode to my wagons, where I partook of coffee, and having mounted a fresh horse I again set forth, accompanied by Carollus, leading a packhorse to bring home the head of the eland and a supply of the flesh; I took all my dogs along with me to share in the banquet. We had not proceeded far when the dogs went ahead on some scent. Spurring my horse, I followed the thorny bushes as best I might, and, emerging on an open glade, I beheld two huge white rhinoceroses trotting along before me. The dogs attacked them with fury, and a scene of intense excitement ensued. The Old Grey, on observing them, pricked up his ears and seemed only half inclined to follow, but a sharp application of the spur reminded him of his duty, and I was presently riding within ten yards of the side of the largest, and sent a bullet through her back. The Old Grey shied considerably and became very unmanageable, and on one occasion, in consequence, the rhinoceros, finding herself hemmed in by a bend in a watercourse, turned round to charge; I had a very narrow escape. Presently, galloping up on one side, I gave her a bad wound in the shoulder, soon after which she came to bay in the dry bed of a river. Dismounting from my horse, I commenced loading, but before this was accomplished she was off once more. I followed her, putting on my cap as I rode, and coming up alongside I made a fine shot from the saddle, firing at the gallop. The ball entered somewhere near her heart. On receiving this shot she reeled about, and presently rolled over and expired, uttering a shrill screaming sound as she died, which rhinoceroses invariably do while in the agonies of death."

ROYAL MENDACITY.—It is said that George IV. would not hesitate to resort to an out-and-out lie to relieve himself from an embarrassing position. O'Connell declared that it was his belief "that there never was a greater scoundrel than George IV.," and related an occurrence that took place when the Prince, Mrs. Fitzherbert, and Charles James Fox, were dining together:—

"After dinner, Mrs. Fitzherbert said, 'By the-bye, Mr. Fox, I had almost forgotten to ask you what you *did* say about me in the House of Commons the other night? The newspapers misrepresent so very strangely that one cannot depend upon them. You were made to say that the Prince authorized you to deny his marriage with me.' The Prince made monitory grimaces at Fox, and immediately said, 'Upon my honor, my dear, I never authorized him to deny it.' 'Upon my honor, sir, you *did*,' said Fox, rising from the table; 'I had always thought your father was the greatest liar in England, but now I see that you are.' Fox would not associate with the Prince for some years, until one day that he walked in unannounced, and found Fox at dinner. Fox rose as the Prince entered, and said that he had but one course to pursue, consistent with his hospitable duty as an English gentleman, and that was to admit him.

☞ The world seems to the old to have gone backward, because they have gone forward.

A TOUCHING STORY OF FILIAL LOVE.

The following most remarkable and beautiful instance of filial affection appeared in the *Herald of Lima*, (Peru) to which it was communicated by the Alcalde of Callao:

Gentlemen:—There having passed in my office (Justice of the Peace) a scene of great interest and most rare at any time and place, I cannot refrain from communicating the same to you, believing that you will concur with me in the opinion that an act so humble and worthy of the best qualities of human nature, deserves to be commemorated by means of the press.

About 8 o'clock this morning, a tumultous assemblage of the people invaded my house, bringing in with them a venerable looking man. They inquired for the Justice. On demanding of them the reason of a semi-riotous collection, they all began to speak at once, so I was for a time unable to comprehend what was the real state of the case. Having, however, at last obtained silence, the old man addressed me thus:

"Mr. Alcalde, having buried my wife, the mother of these four lads, I ordered this one, named Jose Maria, to take charge of the other three, who have already made choice of their elder brother's profession. These two, Atanacio and Dionisio, are both married; the youngest, although single, supports himself by his labors as fisherman. Ever since the mother of these boys was taken away from me, I have been living with my elder son in the interior; but have never failed to receive care and attention from the other three. Desirous of coming to Callao, Jose Maria wrote to Julian in order that he should provide for me—which injunction has given offence to Atanacio, who declares that, being the second son, the future care of me belongs to him. I would like to divide myself into four parts, so as to give each of my children a portion of my body, but as that cannot be, we have come before you, Mr. Alcalde, in order that you should decide which of these young men is to be preferred."

The father had hardly finished speaking when the generous dispute commenced.

Atanacio, the second son, said that his father having been hitherto living with his elder brother, it was now his turn to have possession of him by order of birth. Dionisio contended that his brother Atanacio could not be with his father because he had a great deal to do, and could not give his father the attention he required. The fourth son, Julian represented to me, that it properly belonged to him to support his father, as he was the youngest and unmarried.

In truth, I knew not what to resolve, my heart was so affected by the extraordinary picture presented to me. As I contemplated this scene in silence, the old man, Clemente, said: "My dear children, my heart overflows with satisfaction in witnessing your disputes respecting which of you shall take charge of your old father. I would gladly give content to all, and therefore propose that I be permitted to breakfast with one, dine with another, sleep in the house of the third, and thus keep changing from day to day, but if you do not consent to this, let his honor, the judge, determine what shall be done with me."

The young men unanimously rejected this proposition, because they said their father would lead an idle, errant, unquiet life. I then proposed to write on separate pieces of paper the names of the sons, and let the decision of chance settle the question. While I wrote these papers and doubled them, and put them into the hat of Clemente which served as a ballot-box, a death-like silence prevailed, and there was plainly to be seen expressed in the countenance of each of the sons his hopes of being the lucky receiver of the desired price. The old man put his tremulous hand into the hat and drew out the name of Atanacio, the second son! My friends, I hardly know how to express to you the new scene which then broke in upon me! Atanacio, upon hearing his name called out, broke into praises of the Omniscient for according him such a boon. With his hands clasped and eyes directed to heaven, he repeated over and over his thanks, then fell upon his knees before his venerable parent, and bathed his sandled feet with tears of frantic joy.

The other brothers followed his example, and embraced the feet of the good old patriarch, who remained like a statue, oppressed with emotions which he knew not how to give vent to.

Such a scene as this melted all who witnessed it, among whom were the lieutenant of police, the Alcalde Don Alfano, and some other friends. The brothers then retired, but soon returned with a fresh demand—which was that I should command that since Atanacio had been favored by lot with the charge of the father, *they* should not be deprived of the pleasure of taking out the old man to walk by turns in the afternoon, which order I gave magisterially, in order to gratify these simple, honest people, and they then retired contented.

The humble family is of Indian extraction and is named Villavicencio. They are natives of the valley of Chorillo, but at present reside at Callao.

I repeat, gentlemen, that if this imperfect but true relation be deemed worthy of publication, you are at liberty to give it a place in the columns of your journal. Your very humble servant,

ANTONIA A DEL VILLAR,
Alcalde of Callao.

A POISONED VALLEY.—A poisoned valley has been discovered near Batten, in Japan. Mr. A. Louden visited it last July, and states that when within a few yards of the valley, a strong suffocating smell was experienced, but this ceased as the margin was approached.

The bottom of it appears to be flat, without any vegetation, and a few large stones scattered here and there. Skeletons of human beings, tigers, bears, deer, and all sorts of birds and wild animals, lay about in profusion. The ground on which they lay, at the bottom of the valley, appeared to be a hard, sandy substance, and no vapor was perceived. The sides were covered with vegetation.

It was proposed to enter it, and each of the party having lit a segar, managed to get within twenty feet of the bottom, where a sickening, nauseous smell was experienced without any difficulty of breathing. A dog was now fastened to the end of a bamboo and thrust to the bottom of the valley, while some of the party with their watches in their hands, observed the effect.

At the expiration of fourteen seconds he fell off his legs, without moving or looking around, and continued alive only eighteen minutes. The other dog now left the company and went to his companion. On reaching him he was observed to stand quite motionless, and at the end of ten seconds fell down; he never moved his limbs after, and lived only seven minutes. A fowl was now thrown in, and died in a minute and a quarter. And another, which was thrown in after, died in the space of a minute and a half.

A heavy shower of rain fell during the time that these experiments were going forward, which, from the interesting nature of the experiments, was quite disregarded. On the opposite side of the valley to that which was visited lay a human skeleton. The head was resting on the right arm. The effect of the weather had bleached the bones as white as ivory. This was probably the remains of some wretched rebel, hunted towards the valley, who had taken shelter there unconscious of its character.

EMINENT MEN BORN IN 1796.—Mr. Paton, in his book on *Ferns*, gives a report of a dialogue which he had with some native dignitary. Part of it is to this effect (I quote from memory):

"How old is Gospody Wellington?"

"About 75. He was born in the same year with Napoleon and Mahommed Ali."

"Indeed! Nature must have worked with her sleeves tucked up in that year."

NEWS FROM KANSAS.

We have the following from Leavenworth City, under date of May 28:

"An exciting extra of the Westport News, headed 'War! War!' reached this city this forenoon, and threw the Pro-Slavery men into great excitement. They held a private meeting, and appointed a Committee of Vigilance to attack Leavenworth, and let no Free State men pass, and determined to make lawless arrests of obnoxious parties. A company of men, armed with muskets and bayonets, (United States arms,) have been parading all the afternoon, making arrests. They took prisoner a clerk of the Committee of Congress, named Conway, and two witnesses that had been subpœnaed, Messrs. Parrot and Miles Moore. Warren Wilkes, of South Carolina, headed the party. A. Moore, one of the murderers of Brown, helped to make the arrests. Messrs. Moore and Parrot were arrested while conversing with Mr. Sherman. Mr. Sherman asked if it was by legal process they had taken one of the clerks of the Commission. Mr. Wilkes said it was not—that he had no legal authority, but that he would arrest the men down on his list. Many others have been taken. The town is excited, and the Commission fear they must leave. Alarming extras are sent out from Westport to the border towns. A fight is expected near Pottawotamie. The last difficulty arose near Pottawotamie Creek. Some Pro-Slavery men tried to drive a Free State man from his claim, but he refusing to go, they took him, and were about to hang him, when his neighbors came to his rescue, and shot some of the Pro-Slavery men. A civil war is inevitable.

A letter to the St. Louis Democrat, dated Topeka, 28th, says: "The United States District Court was adjourned to the second Monday in September. Judge Lecompton refused to admit Messrs. Robinson, Smith, Deitzler, Brown and Jenkins to bail, and they will be held prisoners by the Marshal.

Gen. Pomeroy has gone to Washington. He is a delegate to the Republican Convention, which is to assemble at Philadelphia.

It is estimated that the loss sustained by the citizens of Lawrence by the recent attack, will amount to a hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. Parrott, a prominent lawyer of Kansas, has just arrived from Leavenworth. He informs us that on Wednesday last he was arrested by a party of twenty men, bearing United States muskets, under the command of Col. Wilkes, of South Carolina, and taken before the Vigilance Committee.

Leavenworth was surrounded by picket guards, and no one suffered to enter or leave the town. Col. Wilkes had a list of the principal citizens whom he intended to arrest. He had already made three arrests. It was stated that the whole Territory would be placed under military surveillance.

The Republican publishes an extra of the Kansas Herald of the 28th ult., endorsing the report previously telegraphed of the murder of eight Pro-Slavery men, on Pottawotomie Creek, by a party of Free State men. The victims were most horribly mutilated. In some instances, after their throats had been cut, their legs and arms had been chopped off, and their eyes gouged out. All the Pro-Slavery families at Hickory Point were driven off at the point of the bayonet, and their horses and provisions stolen by the Free State men.

Lieut. Gov. Roberts pronounces this story a sheer fabrication.

(Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.)

KANSAS TERRITORY, Saturday, May 24, 1856.

The reign of terror still continues. Meetings have been held in Kansas City, Westport and other places, and resolutions passed to raze the American Hotel in Kansas City. This night is fixed for the work. On the road and at Westport men are gathering and drinking, swearing vengeance upon the Yankees. The devil himself is embodied in this hellish Missouri whiskey.

The escort started yesterday from Westport for Lecompton with Robinson in charge. He is again at Westport. They felt it unsafe to go through with him, being informed that at least 600 Free State men were concentrated at a particular point to rescue him. He will be taken to Kansas City, and go by boat up to Leavenworth City and across the country to Lecompton.

Report says that the Free State men have been so outraged by the *United States posse* that they are gathering fast and determined to avenge themselves for the plundering and sacking of Lawrence. There is evidently something afoot that arouses the fears of the foe.

From the New York State Zeitung. (Administration Organ.)

ROBBERY AND MURDER IN KANSAS.—Lawrence has been destroyed by a troop of banditti at the order of the United States Government. The authorities furnished weapons for the work of butchery and burning. What species of men are used for this may be seen by the following letter from a member of the Land Commission of the Turner—An Siedlungs-verein. He writes:

"Most of the members of this band wear flannel shirts, and carry bowie knives and revolvers openly in their belts. To all appearance, however, this National Guard was not sufficiently armed, and the United States Government (Gov. Shannon) has supplied their lack by distributing among them a lot of United States rifles. The steamer on which I am at present writing, took on board at Leavenworth city, twenty boxes of these weapons which were sent to Gov. Shannon under the name of the Quartermaster of Fort Leavenworth, and distributed on the way. I kept a tolerably sharp look out on this freight, and noticed that six boxes were landed at Kickapoo, four at Atchison, five at Doniphan, and five at a point in the prairie, in the Sacs and Foxes reserve. Gen. Richardson, a prominent Border Ruffian, superintened this distribution, and with the last instalment he left the boat himself. In the above named places squads of thirty or forty from the Southern Companies came drunken and noisy, and tricked out in full rubber costume, and took the boxes in charge with exulting yells.

"When these robbers began their work, and while they were plundering the houses of peaceful settlers, driving off their cattle and destroying settlements, Marshal Donaldson answered complaints which came before him in this by saying that he could not control the mob and would not be answerable for their conduct. And this rabble calls the slave holders and their newspapers the 'law and order party!'

"Within nine days before the destruction of Lawrence sixteen Free State men where shot in the vicinity. The murderers belonged to the law and order party.

"So horrible were the cruelties of the slavery banditti toward the Free State men that the dragoons exhibited a desire to interfere, and Colonel Sumner found it necessary to order them to remain in quarters.

"All the Germans in the Territory go with the Free State party to a man. Herr Deitzler, who was arrested, is a German. Another German was dragged through the streets of Lawrence by the bandits and most shamefully abused."

MR. EVERETT ON THE SUMNER OUTRAGE.—Mr. Everett, in his introductory remarks to the delivery of his Oration on Washington, in Taunton, recently made the following allusion to the assault upon Senator Sumner:

After alluding to the pleasure with which he always dwelt on the theme of Washington, he continued as follows:—But, with the satisfaction which I feel in addressing you this evening, are mingled the most profound anxiety and grief—a sadness which I strive in vain to suppress, overwhelms me at the occurrences of the past week, and a serious apprehension forces itself upon my mind that events are even now in train, with an impulse too mighty to be resisted, which will cause our beloved country to shed tears of blood through all her borders for generations to come. Civil war, with all its horrid trains of pillage and slaughter, carried on without the slightest provocation against the infant settlements of our brethren on the frontiers of the Union, the worse than civil war raging for months unrebuked at the Capital, has at length, with lawless violence, of which there is no parallel in the annals of our constitutional government, stained the floor of the Senate Chamber with the blood of a defenceless man, the Senator from Massachusetts.

Oh! my good friends, these are events which, for the good name, the peace and safety of our country, it were worth all the gold of California to blot from the record. They sicken the heart of the patriot, of the good citizen and of the Christian. They awaken the gloomy doubt, whether the toils, the sacrifices, and the sufferings of our fathers for the sake of founding a higher, purer, and freer civilization on this Western Continent than the world had yet seen, have not been in vain. For myself, they fill me with sorrow too deep for tears. I sorrow not for myself. My few remaining years are running too rapidly to a close to allow me to attach much importance to anything this side of the grave, which concerns me individually. But I sorrow far beyond the power of words to express, for the objects of my affection which I leave behind.

For my children and my country I grieve; and God is my witness, that if, by laying down my poor life this hour, I could undo what has been done within the last two years, beginning with the disastrous repeal of the Missouri Compromise, I would will ugly, cheerfully make the sacrifice. Did I not think there is a healing charm in the name of Washington, and that attachment and veneration for his character, which is almost the only remaining kindly sentiment that pervades the whole country, and that in the contemplation of that character, there is a spirit of wisdom to guide, and love to soothe and unite, I would even now throw myself upon your indulgence, to excuse me from the duty of the evening.

SERIOUS RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—An accident occurred on the morning of June 6th, on the Central Railroad, near Lockport, N. Y., in consequence of two express trains coming in collision. Three persons were killed, among them one woman, and twenty others injured.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE RELATIONSHIP.—Some are anxious to know the relationship existing between Senator Butler and Brooks. It is contained in a letter to a gentleman in this city from Mr. Brooks, in February last, which says: "My grandfather married Senator Butler's father's aunt."—*Boston Bee, 31st.*

POEMS BY NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—Dr. Clemens of Frankfort, Germany, publishes in the Frankforter Conversationsblatt, two poems by Napoleon Bonaparte, which were communicated to him (Dr. Clemens) by M. Leonard Casella, a gentleman well versed in the literature of France and Italy. We are not told, however, how M. Casella got possession of them, and upon what evidence he bases their authenticity. One of the poems dates from the year 1782, and is a fable in the style of Lafontaine; the other (written at Marseilles, when its author was still a lieutenant of artillery) is in praise of Madame St. Hubert, the tragic actress, who then shone in the part of Dido.

It is stated that neither the President, any member of his Cabinet, nor any Southern Senator, except one or two, have called upon or sent to inquire after the condition of Mr. Sumner; while all the foreign ministers, the Northern members of the Senate and House, together with nearly every distinguished man in Washington, have called at his lodgings.

A MONSTER SNOW BANK.—A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from the Clifton House, Niagara Falls, May 26, says that "there is a large snowbank, upwards of forty feet deep, lying between the American fall and the ferry. I understand that it was over one hundred and twenty feet deep when deepest this spring.

RIPE APPLES IN MOBILE.—The Mobile Advertiser of the 27th ult. says:—"If any of our Pomological friends desire to see apples, fully ripe, perfect and beautiful, of Mobile growth, and pulled from the tree on the 25th of May, they can be gratified by calling at the sanctum of the editor of this paper. The apples are of the variety known as the "Red Astrachan," are of the editor's own cultivation, raised in his own orchard, in this county, some thirty miles above the city, and he thinks are worth bragging on. Ripe apples on the 25th of May! Who will beat it?"

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CONFERENCE.—This body, in session at Indianapolis, came to a vote on the slavery question on Thursday week. The first resolution, which proposed to alter the clause in the discipline which forbids the buying and selling of slaves—"buying, selling and holding human beings"—was lost by a vote of ayes 121, nays 94—less than two-thirds, which is required for an alteration of the discipline.

MORMONS.—Every few days, companies of Mormons, varying from two to seven hundred persons, are noticed as landing at some of the Atlantic ports, and proceeding westward. It seems that Iowa city has been selected by the leaders of the church as the place of rendezvous for some 5,000 of their adherents, previous to their finally starting for Utah, in July or August. They are principally recruited from England and Scotland. The company which arrived at New York some months ago, are temporarily lodged in the railroad buildings in Iowa city, and an encampment of tents has been formed about two miles from the town.

AN IMPUDENT LAWYER REBUKED.—A few days since, a female witness, in a case tried in the Supreme Court at Lowell, Mass., was asked by a lawyer, how long she had lived with her husband, from whom, it seems, she had been separated. "That's my business, not yours, sir," was the curt reply. The counsel on both sides took fire. A brief passage at arms ensued, when the court was appealed to that it would compel the witness to answer. Judge Metcalf's reply was very brief, very quiet, and very pertinent: "The woman's right—it's none of your business!"

COMPLIMENTARY.—The Western Despatch (Independence, Missouri,) asks—

"Would it not be better to cross the Puritans with a race of men who will use weapons when they are put into their hands, and make less ado about their deeds, *to be done*, in the newspapers?

"How is this stampede of officers and men from Lawrence to be accounted for on any other ground than sheer cowardice?"

FATAL AFFRAY IN CAHABA, ALABAMA.—The Selma Reporter, of the 26th ult., states that a difficulty occurred there on last Friday evening week, in which John R. Bell and his two sons, John A. and Charles, and Drs. Troy and Hunter and Judge Bird were engaged. John R. and John A. Bell were both instantly killed by Judge Bird and Dr. Hunter; Dr. Troy was slightly injured on the arm by a stick in the hands of John A. Bell.

The splendid mansion of Daniel Parish, of New York, situated south of the Ocean House, Newport, was destroyed by fire on the 5th. It cost $32,000, and was insured for $10,000 at the Eagle Office, New York. The cause of the fire is unknown. The walls are standing, and in good order.

The Mormons are experiencing hard times at Salt Lake. Food is so scarce, that beggary from door to door is as common as in our Atlantic cities. Brigham Young denounces the practice, as likely to be an imposture, though he says where any of the saints have gone *five days* without food, they ought to make their wants known. Rather a task for a man to support ninety wives in a country where food is so scarce.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee wrote a letter to the President of the Democratic Convention at Cincinnati, demanding the expulsion of Herbert, the member of Congress from California, who recently shot a servant at Washington, in a fracas. It was not laid before the Convention.

HUNG IN EFFIGY.—The effigies of President Pierce and Preston S. Brooks were found hanging in front of the State House, at Concord, N. H., on June 5th, 80 feet from the ground, on the Pierce and King liberty pole erected in 1852. The effigy of Col. George was found suspended in another part of the city, bearing the words—"The Glorious and God-like Administration of Pierce."

PROBABLY FATAL AFFRAY.—George P. Bull, the editor of the Democratic Review, of Washington City, while speaking on the night of June 5th, in Cincinnati, in front of the Burnet House, denouncing Know Nothingism and Abolitionism, was interrupted by an individual in the crowd, and the two finally came to blows. In the melee, Bull was stabbed in the back with a knife, which penetrated the lungs, inflicting a dangerous wound. He is in a critical condition, bleeding internally.

On June 6th, the following despatch was sent from Washington by Hon. Anson Burlingame to Charles Hall, Esq., of Massachusetts: "Mr. Sumner has just learned of the recommendation of Governor Gardiner that the Commonwealth should assume the expenses of his illness. He desires me to telegraph at once his hope that the recommendation will not be pressed. In no event could he accept the allowance proposed, and he adds: "Whatever Massachusetts can give, let it all go to the suffering in Kansas."

ANSON BURLINGAME.

A good anecdote is told of Ali Pacha, the Sultan's Grand Vizier, now in Paris. A few evenings ago, a lady, to whom this gentleman was introduced at a *soiree*, hazarded the naive question, "Is the Sultan married?" "A great deal, madam," was the Turk's reply.

Bearded women have been known in every age; one was seen at the Court of Czar Peter I., in 1724, with a beard of immense length. Margaret, Governess of the Netherlands, had a heavy beard.

The crops in Western Canada, it is said, never looked more promising than at present, and there are strong indications of an abundant harvest.

Texas is said to have increased in population, during the last ten years, at the rate of about four hundred per cent., a thing unprecedented at the South.

TELEGRAPHIC FACILITIES.—A telegraphic wire was extended into the Hall at Cincinnati, where the Democratic Convention was in session. The communication of intelligence of the proceedings of the Convention to all parts of the country was, therefore, instantaneous.

CINCINNATI (OHIO) MARKETS.—Strawberries are selling at 12½ cents to 15 cents per quart; Cranberries 20 cents per quart; Green Peas 12½ cents to 20 cents per half-peck.

The Milwaukie American says that cattle and horses are dying by hundreds on the American Bottom, and in that region in Illinois—supposed to result either from the effects of some poisonous herbs growing there, or some virulent disease, which has become epidemic among them.

The San Francisco papers contain an obituary, announcing the death of Yo Tung, who, it appears, in the absence of other virtues, was "favorably known by the length of his tail, width of his breeches, and the extraordinary height of his shoes."

Bridgeport, Connecticut, claims that the title of "City of Churches" belongs more appropriately to her than to Brooklyn, N. Y. The latter has a church to every thousand inhabitants, but Bridgeport has sixteen churches, or one to every four hundred of her population.

THE WAY UNCLE SAM IS WHEEDLED.—Recently, at the Sault Rapids, an immense number of logs—some 31,850,000 feet—which had been cut down on Government land by a party of squatter-loggers was advertised to be sold at auction. The loggers combined, and the auctioneer at the sale said that he should take no bid less than twelve cents per M. Of course the loggers didn't bid, and there was no sale. The auctioneer put "them logs" up again.—One of the loggers who had been deputed to do the bidding, said one cent per thousand feet. "Sold," cried the auctioneer. Thus 3,850,000 feet of good timber was sold for $318,501.

They need a water company at St. Paul, Minnesota. The Pioneer says: Good spring water, carried about the city, as it now is, in carts, costs, at this season of the year, about thirty cents per barrel, and river water from ten to fifteen cents, according to the distance conveyed. In the winter time it is higher even than these rates.

A terrible leap was made the other day by a pickpocket, who was caught and locked up in the saloon of one of the cars of a train on the New York Central Railroad. He sprang out of the window, head foremost, while the cars were running at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and ran for the woods, but was soon overtaken. His face was found to be badly cut, and one of his legs injured.

At the Annual Dinner of the Massachusetts Medical Society, in Boston, last week, the poet Holmes gave the following sentiment: "The Surgeons of the City of Washington—God grant them wisdom, for they are dressing the wounds of a mighty empire, and of uncounted generations."

In the Know Nothing Council at New York, the following question of privilege arose:

After the passage of the resolution, Sol. Smith said he arose to a question of privilege. Some one had taken his hat yesterday, and the old thing in his hand was the only one he was able to find. He had no doubt the gentleman having his hat was anxious to make an exchange. This is "the question of Privilege."

Some days ago, a well known citizen of Brooklyn, named Peter La Roza, in a fit of religious enthusiasm produced by reading the passage, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off," took a carving knife and nearly severed his hand from his arm. He was conveyed to the Lunatic Asylum, at Flatbush, where he was kindly cared for by Dr. Baiseley, but died yesterday from the effects of his wounds.

THE CROPS.

NEW JERSEY.—The prospect of an abundant yield from this year's crops, has been damaged from the late cold and dry weather. This is particularly true of corn and grass—the former is backward, and the latter will be short for the want of rain. Those most experienced, predict that hay will be as high the next year as it has been the year past. The fruit crop is more promising. We hear of only a few instances where the trees were injured by the severity of the past winter.—*Salem Co. Advertiser.*

MARYLAND.—During the past week we have heard much complaint of the fly cutting the wheat in this county. The growth of the young corn has also been checked by the recent cold weather, and it is reported that the corn has come up very badly. The grass and gardens are suffering very much for rain. The peach crop was seriously injured by the severe cold last winter, and promises to be unusually light.—*Easton Star.*

VIRGINIA.—Promising as was the first start of the wheat this spring, the fly, weeds and dry weather have so injured it, that more than half a crop, if that, cannot be expected in Frederick, Clarke, or Hampshire; or, so far as we can learn, in any of the counties of the North Valley. What with the decline of the yield, farmers will be fortunate who clear from the same breadth of land one-fourth of what they did two years ago. The corn, which was generally gotten in late, is showing the need of rain, as do the pastures.—*Winchester Virginian.*

TENNESSEE.—The Chattanooga Gazette, of the 22d ult., contains the following notice:—

Along the railroad line from here to Nashville, the crops look exceedingly fine. The prospect at present is that 1856 is to be another abundant year.

The Murfreesboro' News says:—

We hear much complaint from our immediate citizens of the injury done to the wheat crop by what is called the Hessian fly. We also see similar accounts in the newspapers from different parts of Tennessee of the harm done and likely to be done by this insect.

KENTUCKY.—The Hickman Argus says—The oat and wheat crops of this section are said to be generally looking well for the season.

LOUISIANA.—The Vidalia Intelligencer of the 22d ult., says—We have heard complaint, in Concordia parish, of lice on the cotton plant; but to what extent the injury is, we cannot yet ascertain.

ARKANSAS.—The Jacksonport Tribune of the 17th ult., says—MR. JOHN A. ROBINSON informs us that the cut-worm is injuring the cotton very much—so much that considerable will have to be replanted. Col. Ed. McGuire, of Oil Trough, informs us that the corn through the bottom is so injured, that at least one-half of the crop will require planting over.

The Pittsburg Post has the following:—

Poor Prospect for the Corn Crop.—Our exchanges from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and other heavy corn-growing States, speak despondingly of the newly planted corn. The first planting did not generally come up, the second was injured by the cut-worm, and lastly the recent nipping frosts have played sad havoc with what remained. It is the same in Allegheny and neighboring counties, and, we fear, throughout the State. The cold snap last Thursday and Friday nights has blighted vegetation very much, particularly the tender shoots of corn which had just made their appearance after a second planting. It is now rather late for replanting, and the ill-success that has so far attended their efforts is rather discouraging.

INSURRECTION IN HAYTI.—The Boston Traveller publishes extracts from a letter, dated AUX CAYES, Hayti, May 10th, which states that a formidable insurrection had broken out in that part of the island, against the Emperor, Soulouque. The writer says:

"A body of from 2,000 to 3,000 insurgents took possession of a post between this place and Pingrey, last night, with the view of attacking the town to-day. The military authorities were only aware of this at 7 o'clock this morning. The alarm drums were immediately beaten, and every male adult in the town was ordered to join the troops.

"At 10 A. M., the troops marched out with the citizens that had joined them, but being but five hundred strong, it is probable they will not make an attack on the insurgents, but will content themselves with defending the entry of the town till reinforced."

A postscript in the letter, dated 11 A. M., adds:

"The alarm drums are again beating. It is said that the troops sent out are repulsed, and the insurgents are pushing forward. People are running distractedly through the streets, closing stores, &c."

RUMORED DESIGN TO ATTACK REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S CHURCH.—The New York *Courier and Enquirer*, of June 9, states that there were strong rumors of an attack on the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's Church on the Sunday preceding that date. The attack was to have been made by persons from the low dens of New York, employed by others who have taken offence at the plain way Mr. Beecher has discussed the recent outrages at Washington. During the service, a large number of coarse looking persons were moving about in the vestibule, and apparently conspiring together; but the prepared state of the audience, and the presence of a large number of the police, deterred them from making any attempt.

NEWS FROM EUROPE.—The steamer Indian arrived at Quebec on June 3rd, bringing advices to the 21st of May. The steamer Niagara reached Halifax on June 5th, with dates to the 24th.

The political news from the Continent is unimportant.

M. Thierry, the historian of the Norman conquest, died in Paris on the 22nd ult.

A postal convention has been signed between Prussia and the United States.

The evacuation of the Crimea by the French troops proceeds rapidly. The Russians had hanged several Tartars for assisting the Allies, sent some others into exile, and condemned some to hard labor for life.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The receipts of Beef Cattle at the Bull's Head New Drove Yard, were about 1600 head, 965 of which were sold to go to New York. The demand was quite brisk, at 2@6c advance, and the remainder were all disposed of as follows:

117 head of Ohio Cattle were sold by	Jno. Todd, at	$11@11½
200	do	do	do	B. Seidenspinner, at	$9@10
80	do	do	do	Jas. Cochran, at	$9@10
160	do	do	do	Scott & Rimbell, at	$11@11½
250	do	prime Lancaster Co., sold by various parties at			$11@11½ the 100 lbs

At Strickland's Drove Yard the offerings were light, reaching in all about 200 beeves. Among the Sales are—

80 head Lancaster County by A. Ritenbaugh, at $9@11.
25 head Western by J. Kennedy, at $9 @ 10½.
40 head Lancaster County by Abrams and Hickman, Saynor and Hickman's feeding, very fine, at $11 the 100 of 80 lbs.
19 head Lancaster County, middling quality, by D. Hickman, at $9@11½.
20 head Lancaster County, by several others, at $10 the 100 lbs.

The market closed brisk and good cattle scarce.

Of Cows and Calves about 275 were offered at the Washington Drove Yard, Ridge Avenue. The market opened active, prices ranging at from $35 to $45 for Fresh Cows; $15 to $25 for Dry do and $35 to $75 for Springers.

Of Hogs, the supplies have been light, about 2,000 only being offered at Singer's Yard, including 800 taken to New York. The demand has been moderate at $7@7.50 the 100 lbs. 75 head of 800 Lancaster County Cattle and 100 Horses were also offered here.

Of Sheep and Lambs, the receipts reach about 3,000 mostly of the former. The demand was good, and all at market sold at 5@7 each for Sheep, and $2@4 for Lambs, according to condition.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

At market, 705 Beef Cattle, no Stores, 13 pairs Working Oxen, 125 Cows and Calves, 1000 Sheep and Lambs, and 5000 Swine.

The following were the prices:

Market Beef—Extra $9, first quality $8.75@8.50; second do $8; third do $7.50@7; barreling cattle $6.50.

Working Oxen—$ C., 115, 135, 150, 175.

Milch Cows—$27, 28, 30, 40, 45, 56.

Veal Calves—6@6½.

Hides 7c @ lb.

Calf Skins 14c @ lb.

Tallow 7c @ lb.

Sheep and Lambs—By lot, $3.75, 4.25; extra and selections $5@5.50 @ head.

Pelts—Dipt 75c, unclipt $2.

Swine—Wholesale, Store—Retail, 7@8c; Fat Hogs, 8½c @ lb.

Remarks.—The supply of Beef is less than last week, which has caused an advance of about 25c @ cwt; sales quick at quotations. There is a decline in Swine, owing to the large supply.

N. B. Beef—Extra are the largest fat oxen, and are highly stall fed.

First Quality comprises large oxen, stall fed at least three months.

Second Quality includes grass and hay fed oxen, well fatted cows, and the best three year old steers.

Third Quality takes up the odds and ends of droves.

Barrelers are large old cattle not very fleshy.

Stores consist of working oxen, cows and calves, and one, two and three years old steers.

Milch Cows—The prices of these depend altogether upon the fancy of the purchaser.

Sheep—Extra consists of choice bucks and fancy ewes for stock.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, June 6th, 1856.

The operations of the past week generally have been of a limited character. The late news from abroad depressed the market for Breadstuffs, but imparted a better feeling to Cotton which is held with more firmness. In Dry Goods and Boots and Shoes the movement as is usual at this season continues small, but without any particular change to note in articles under these heads. The Coal trade is more active; the scarcity of vessels, however, limits operations. For Iron the market remains dull. In Groceries, Sugar and Molasses have been moving off freely, and bringing better prices. The Provision market is firm, with a fair business to note in salted meats, Bacon and Lard at full rates. Hemp and Hides continue dull. Naval Stores and Oils remain quiet. Feather is unsettled. Rice is firm at the late advance. Seeds very little doing. Wool is about stationary, and Whiskey rather lower. In other articles there are no changes of any moment to notice since last week.

ASHES—A firmer feeling to note for both kinds, and small sales in lots within the range of quotations.

BARK continues in steady request, with sales of 150 hhds at $25 for 1st quality No 1. Of Tanners' Bark sales are making at $22@24 for light and medium Spanish, and $12@14 for Chestnut Oak.

BEESWAX is wanted, but at a price below the views of holders, who are asking 27@28c @ lb, the latter for good yellow.

BREAD—Prices are steady, and a moderate business to notice in the way of sales, mostly for shipment.

COAL—Receipts are fully up to the increase, but prices are without alteration; the scarcity of vessels, however, limiting the demand; sales include some 2,000 hhds, mostly Cuba and Porto Rico, at from 34@35c, on the usual terms. The refiners have put up the prices of hard Sugars.

COFFEE—The receipts and sales have been light, but holders are firm in their views, the week's sales reaching about 250 bags, principally Rio, within the range of 10@11c, on the usual terms. Nine hundred bags Rio, slightly damaged, were sold by auction at sale @ Ds, on 6th.

COTTON—Business opened very inactive; the late foreign news, however, imparted a better feeling to the market, and the demand has improved within the last day or two without any material variation to note in prices. The week's transactions in all foot up about 1400 bales, mostly Uplands, within the range of 11@11½c @ lb, cash and time.

DRUGS AND DYES—The market is without any alteration, but business has been very dull during the past week.

FEATHERS—Continue in limited request, with further small sales of 384,000 lbs Western at 43@45c @ lb, the latter for prime lots.

FISH—The market continues very dull. Some 400 bbls Halifax Mackerel have been taken from the wharf, on terms not public. Store prices range at about $12@14 for 1's, $10@7 for 2's, and $7@8 for 3's, large and small. Herring and Dry Cod—No sales worthy of notice.

FRUITS—There is very little doing. Some 4500 boxes Oranges and Lemons have been taken in lots at from $1 to $4.50 @ box, according to condition, and 12@15,000 Pine Apples at $6.50@$17 the 100.

GRASS AND GARDEN SEEDS—The market for Flour has been depressed and dull under the advices from abroad, and prices have further receded 25@37½c @ bbl since last week. The demand for shipment has been only moderate at the decline, and about 12,000 bbls found buyers in lots at $5.75@6 for mixed and straight brands, $6@6.25 for better brands, part extra off, $6.87½@6.50 for extra, according to brand, $6.75@7 for extra family, and $8@8.50 for fancy and old. Rye Flour is dull, at $4.12½ @ bbl. Corn Meal is steady, and about 2,000 bbls Brandywine sold at $3.25 including 1,000 bbls Brandywine at $3.37½ @ bbl. The inspections for the week are 15,983 bbls Wheat Flour, 117 Rye do, and 1,500 do Corn Meal.

GRAIN—Comes forward slowly, but the demand for Wheat continues limited, and prices are 1@2c @ bu lower; sales include about 25,000 bus in lots at 120@125 for red, and 125@130 for white, as in quality, the latter for prime; the closing prices were at 125@130 for the former, and 150@155c for the latter. Rye is also rather lower, but about 15,000 bus Penna and Western found buyers mostly at 72c. Corn continues in steady request, and about 57,000 bus have been taken, chiefly for shipment, at 52c for Southern yellow, including lots not prime at 50@51c, and Saturday at 53@55c for prime. Oats continue in good demand, and nearly steady in price, with sales of 125@150,000 bus at 32@33c for Southern, and 34c for Penna, afloat.

GUANO—Continues inactive, but without any alteration to note in quotations.

GINSENG—Crude comes in slowly, and some small sales have been made at 37½c @ lb.

HEMP—The stock is light and the market quiet, but prices remain unaltered.

HIDES—Continue dull and unsettled, with little or nothing doing in the way of sales. An import of about 1,200 dry Parnambuco sold at about 19c, usual terms.

HOPS—Transactions are only in a small way at 7@10c, the latter for 1855 Western.

IRON—The market continues dull, owing to the difference in the views of buyers and sellers. Stocks are moderate, most of the receipts being previously contracted for. Sales to the extent of about 1,350 tons are reported, including Anthracite Pig in small lots at about $22, 25 and 25 for No 1, 2 and 3, on time; 300 tons Wheel Iron, on terms not public, and about 600 tons Bloom at $72@73. In Scotch Pig no transactions have also been small, but at fully previous quotations.

LEAD remains very quiet with a light stock to operate in.

LEATHER—Continues in steady request with fair sales of most kinds to notice at previous quotations.

LUMBER—A moderate business doing in White Pine at $15 for Lehigh, and $14@14½ for Susquehanna Boards. Hemlock Scantling is selling at $7@7.50; Yellow Pine Boards are dull at $12@13. Of Laths sales of 300,000 Eastern are reported at $1.50 @ M.

MOLASSES is scarce and in request at an advance on previous sales; about 1,200 hhds Cuba have been disposed of at 35c for sour, and 37c for sweet, on the usual terms.

NAVAL STORES—Spirits Turpentine has further declined, with sales of 500 bbls in lots at 35@36c @ gallon, cash and time. Of Rosin about 5,000 bbls have been sold at $1.85 for common, and $1.85@2 @ bbl for No 2. Tar and Pitch are unchanged, with limited sales.

OILS—The demand for Fish Oils continues limited, with a small business doing in Sperm and Whale at full rates. Lard Oil is firm at 85@90c. A sale of Winter was made at 90c. Linseed is in steady demand at 84c. Red Oil is scarce and wanted at 6 @ 6½ @ gal.

PLASTER is dull and lower, but the transactions have generally been made on terms not public.

PROVISIONS—Bbld Meats are scarce, with a limited business to notice at $18 for mess Pork, and $17@17½ @ bbl for city mess Beef. In Bacon there is moderate business doing at 7@8½c for ragged Hams, the latter for fancy cured; 5½@6c for Sides, of 100 casks further sales having been made to go South at the latter rate, and 5½c for Shoulders. Green Meats are firm, with sales of 700 casks to 10c for Shoulders, and 12c for Hams, 13½@14c for Sides, and 9c for Shoulders, short cuts. Lard is also very firm, and sales of prime range at 11c for bbls and tierces, and 12c for kegs, to pack, sold for manufacturing at 9@10c. Butter is dull, and new Western moves off slowly at 12@15c, as in quality. Cheese—No change and sales limited.

RICE—The demand is less active, but some 300 casks have changed hands at $4.25@4.62½, mostly at $4.31@4.37½ the 100 lbs.

SALT—No arrivals or sales this week to alter quotations.

SEEDS—There is very little Clover seed offering, but 50 bushels have been disposed of, in lots, at $6.12½@6.37½ @ bush.—the latter for prime seed, at which rate it is scarce. Timothy remains quiet, and a small business doing at $2.25@2.50 per bush. Flaxseed is steady at $1.85@1.75 per bush. for domestic; large sales of foreign have been made at the East at $1.80 @ bush.

SPIRITS—There is little or no improvement in Brandy and Gins; but holders are firm in their demands. N. E. Rum is selling as wanted at 42@44c, the latter for pure. Whiskey is lower, sales having been made to some extent during the week at 24@25c for bbls, and 22@23c for bbls, closing at our lowest figures.

SUGARS—The market has been more active this week, and prices at the close are fully 1c better, the firmness of holders, however, limiting the demand; sales include some 2,000 hhds, mostly Cuba and Porto Rico, at from 9½@10c, on the usual terms. The refiners have put up the prices of hard Sugars.

TALLOW—Moves off slowly, at 10@10½c for city rendered.

TEAS—The market has been very quiet this week, but without any variation to note in quotations.

TOBACCO—There is little or nothing doing in either leaf or manufactured, to alter quotations; the stock of the former is unusually light.

WINES—Continue scarce and high, with small sales to the trade.

WOOL—The market remains very quiet, and prices about the same; the demand is limited, and only a few small lots have been disposed of within the range of quotations; there is none of the new clip arriving from the West, and buyers are holding off for lower prices.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

With a slight decreased supply at Allerton's, and an increased demand, part speculative, the market for beef cattle has improved fully one cent per lb. The number of cattle on sale was fully adequate to the legitimate requirements of the local trade, but as a moiety of the receipts was controlled by speculators, buyers, of necessity, were obliged to respond to the demands of holders. The highest price paid was 11c, and the average about 10½c, with very few below 10c. Ohio and Illinois continue to be the chief contributors, and the choicest cattle came from those States. Cows and calves dull of sale, and prices rather drooping, though no actual decline can be noted. Veal calves are in active demand, and prices have advanced full 1c per lb. Prices range from 4½@5½c for inferior to choice. Sheep and lambs continue in moderate supply and firm. Swine are dull and not plenty.

PRICES.—Beef Cattle, extra quality per 100 lbs, $10,00@11,50; do good quality, $10,50@11,00; do common, $8,50@10,00; do inferior, $8,00. Cows and Calves extra, $50,00; do good, $35@45; do common, $20@30. Veals, tidy extra 8½@9c; Sheep and Lambs, $7@8. Swine, gross, 6@6½; do nett, 7@8.

The following table shows from what part of the country and by what conveyance the supplies came:

Ohio, beeves	861	Sheep and lambs	384
Illinois	684	Hudson R. RR.—	
Indiana	94	Beeves	1,110
Kentucky	363	Swine	392
New York	108	Erie RR.—	
Iowa	135	Beeves	771
Virginia	255	Swine	208
Harlem RR—		N. B. trans. beeves	212
Beeves	42	C. & A. RR.—Beeves	130
Cows and calves	37	On foot—Beeves	211
Veal calves	208		

At Brownings there was a fair supply of all stock, and prices have advanced full 1c @ lb for beeves. Cows and calves are still at previous prices. Veal calves are better. The market is well supplied with common quality of sheep and lambs, mostly from this State, Ohio and New Jersey. The sales were as follows:—218 beef cattle, $7@11; 30 cows and calves, $35@50; 76 veal calves, 5@7c; 2,562 sheep and lambs at $4@6.

Sales by Samuel Motsinger, at Browning's, for the week:—

15 lambs	@	$3@5	$12,00
8 do	@	4,50	4,00
11 do	@	5@12	1 sheep 7,50
15 do	@	5@6	—
Total,			$23,50
Average per head,			$5,33

In calves, from 6@7½c.

At Chamberlain's there was a moderate supply of beeves at that yard, and prices are 1c @ lb higher than last week. Sales are as follows:—28 beef cattle at $@11; 76 cows and calves, $25@60; 2,000 sheep and lambs, 5@8; 32 veal calves, (live weight,) 6@7c.

At O'Brien's there was a small supply of all stock, and prices have advanced as above. The sales were as follows: 27 beeves at $@11; 63 cows and calves, $@60; 42 veal calves at 6@7c.

RECAPITULATION.

	Beeves	Cows and Calves.	Veal Calves.	Sheep and Lambs.
Allerton's	2,548	97	205	304
Browning's	219	88	76	2,562
Chamberlain's	96	74	92	2,956
O'Brien's	97	80	42	—
Total	2,962	289	1,198	5,724

BALTIMORE MARKET.

COFFEE—The market presents no change. Sales of 500 bags fair Rio at 10½c, and 400 do choice at 11c. We quote Laguayra at 11@12c, Java 14@15c @ lb. Stock about 41,000 bags.

FLOUR AND M

THE SOUTHERN PRESS.

In our last we gave extracts, showing the general tone of the Southern press relative to the assault upon Mr. Sumner. It is only fair now to state that from papers which have since come to hand, it is evident that a respectable minority of the Southern press condemn the dastardly outrage:—

The "Fayetteville (N. C.) Observer" not only condemns the outrage in the Senate, but the Southern members of the House of Representatives who voted against investigation. It says: "We think Southern members mistake the feelings of the Southern people, if any idea of that feeling influenced their votes. We have not met with a man of any party who pretends to justify the occurrence, or who does not deplore it as a great outrage in itself, as well as most indiscreet in view of its influence upon the relations of North and South. The South, being the weaker section, should be the most careful to keep in the right."

The "Montgomery Mail," Ala., says:—

"Unfortunately, they (at the North) have it in their power to say, truthfully, that the Representative, for the nonce, of the slave section, violated the law, to take vengeance for words privileged by law. They can say, further, that the assault was made with unusual ferocity and that Sumner (if the telegraphic report be true,) was taken at disadvantage. And these allegations will, at the North, make some who incline to think with us, speak against us. It is, therefore, to be regretted that the assault was made—because it is calculated to injure the cause of the South. Law abiding men at the North—and that class there are alone the friends of the slave section—will see in the act nothing to commend, and everything to condemn. They cannot appreciate the intensity of the feeling which induced it."

The Baltimore American copies and endorses the following from the Savannah Republican:

"The question is not whether Mr. Sumner, as an individual, deserved the ill-treatment which he received, or whether the public would have overlooked such an assault if committed in the avenues of Washington, or at a public hotel. The latter contingency might be held as affording some mitigation of the act of violence. Mr. Sumner, however, is invested with a dignity in his person and character not derived from any individual merit of his own, or dependent for its existence upon a proper and becoming discharge of his personal obligations. He is a Senator of the United States, the representative of one of the sovereign States of the great American Union, and as such it is but due to that State and to the Union, that his person should be held sacred. This is neither an aristocratic exemption, nor sublimated refinement of our own; but it is based on a great principle upon which is built up those invaluable features of our Republican Government, freedom of speech and perfect independence in the representative of the people. Our fathers recognized and impressed it, as a legacy to their children, in the Constitution which they gave us.

"As bearing upon the reputation of our country abroad, this affair is equally to be deplored. It is the first instance of the kind in our history, a fact which adds no little to the responsibility of those who set the example.

"Again, this affair is unfortunate as regards its probable effect upon our domestic relations, already lashed into fury by the exciting questions of the day. There is much that is gloomy and fearful before us, and every good patriot should feel it to be his highest duty, to the full extent of his powers, to pour oil on the waters, and calm the political sea."

The St. Louis Democrat says:

"In connection with this matter we are gratified to see that at least one Senator—Mr. Crittenden, of Ky.,—had the true chivalry and the genuine impulse of honor to denounce the dastardly attack in the very face of Mr. Brooks himself, and to characterize it as 'a shameful and cowardly transaction.' Mr. Crittenden is a man whose brilliant bravery is a proverb in his native State—whose high sense of Senatorial dignity and decorum is surpassed by none, and whose elevation of thoughts and generosity of impulse will go far to fix the stigma of disgrace upon all the instigators and participants in this *chivalrous* assault of Mr. Brooks upon an unarmed and unsuspecting gentleman."

The Nashville (Tenn.) Banner also says:

"As to Mr. Sumner, no Southern reader of his speech will be likely to feel any sympathy for him personally. But that circumstance should not prevent Southern men of all parties from raising their voices in strong and earnest rebuke and condemnation of the desecration, by such brutality, of the halls of the National Legislature. The effect of this occurrence abroad cannot fail to be deeply injurious to our national character."

On the other hand, the Richmond Enquirer, the leading Democratic paper in the South, says:

"In the main, the press of the South applaud the conduct of Mr. Brooks, without condition of limitation. Our approbation, at least, is entire and unreserved. We consider the act good in conception, better in execution, and best of all in consequence.—These vulgar Abolitionists in the Senate are getting above themselves. They have been humored until they forget their position. They have grown saucy, and care to be *impudent to gentlemen*. Now, they are a low, mean, scurvy set, with some little book-learning, but as utterly devoid of spirit and honor as a pack of curs. Intrenched behind 'privilege,' they fancy they can slander the South and its representatives with impunity.

"The truth is, they have been suffered to run too long without collars. They must be lashed into submission. Sumner, in particular, ought to have nine-and-thirty early every morning. He is a great strapping fellow, and could stand the cowhide beautifully. Brooks frightened him, and at the first blow of the cane, he bellowed like a bull-calf.

"There is the blackguard Wilson, an ignorant Natick cobbler, swaggering in excess of muscle, and absolutely dying for a beating. Will not somebody take him in hand? Hale is another huge, red faced, sweating scoundrel, whom some gentleman should kick and cuff until he abates something of his impudent talk. * * * * * *

"It is idle to talk of the sanctity of the Senate Chamber, since it is polluted by the presence of such fellows as Wilson and Sumner and Wade. They have desecrated it, and cannot now fly to it as a sanctuary from the lash of vengeance.

"We trust other gentlemen will follow the example of Mr. Brooks, so that a curb may be imposed upon the truculence and audacity of abolition speakers. If need be, *let us have a caning or cowhiding every day*. If the worst come to the worst, so much the sooner so much the better."

The *Richmond Whig*, which used to be one of the leading Whig papers in the South, speaking of the probabilities of a war with the North, says:—

"In fact, we know no people who are fitter subjects for spoliation and plunder, than those of Massachusetts. God Almighty never gave them anything but a miserable barren soil, fit only for goats to browze on; and the vast wealth they boast has been scraped together by starving themselves, and plundering, or driving sharp bargains with other people. The larger portion that they have, came from Virginia and the South. Sumner himself admits that he is a descendant of those who formerly kidnapped Africans, and carried on a profitable trade in human flesh and blood from the coast of Africa; and the money, which now inflames his insolence and rapacity, was derived from piracy. We will make him and the rest of his gang disgorge their ill-got'en gains. Let the war begin as soon as he and his confederates choose. It is just the sort of war that we like to have a hand in—the poor, who have nothing to lose, against the rich, who have enough to supply all our wants, and defray the expenses of a glorious contest.

"His warlike speech has turned our thoughts very much to this war—and we confess that the more we think of it the better we like it. We are heartily sick and disgusted with the canting and mercenary hypocrites of Yankeedom. This war will enable us to get rid of them, or turn the tables upon them, and render them a source of profit instead of expense. It will enable us to regain our own—pilfered from us by many a sharp transaction. It will enable us to build up our country by the recapture of the millions of which we have been plundered. It will enable us to get rid of Yankee Presidents, and to preserve Anglo-Saxon freedom, by reviving the old connexion with the *mother country*. (Who would not rather be ruled over by a *lady*, like Queen Vic, than any nasal-twanged *gentleman* that Yankee land can produce?) It will enable us, with the United States *South*, on one side, in close alliance with England, and Canada on the other, very speedily to bring these long-prayed sharpers to their senses, by confining them to the starving soil on which they were born, and to the thin air around them.

"But no more words—let the war begin. We pant—we are impatient for the onset."

It will be noticed that in the hatred of the *Richmond Whig* to the North, it would be willing to unite with those still greater abolitionists, the English—and thus "leap out of the frying-pan into the fire." Canada, too, which is the great protector of all the fugitive slaves from the South, is also to be warmly embraced. Could folly go further?

All the meetings so far held in the South have approved of the ruffianism of Brooks. The Governor of South Carolina heads a subscription to purchase a silver pitcher for Mr. Brooks, upon which is a flattering inscription, dated the very day he made the assault upon Mr. Sumner. The citizens of Anderson, South Carolina, in public meeting, tender their thanks to Mr. Brooks "for the promptness with which he discharged h a duty, as well as for the satisfactory manner in which it was done." The people of Martin's Depot "highly approve of the chastisement inflicted on Charles Sumner, and would say "well done, good and faithful servant." The people of Clinton resolve "that for the high respect and full appreciation of Col. Brooks's conduct, we present him a cane from the soil of his own Congressional District, with this inscription—'*Use Knockdown Arguments*'—feeling that none other can be effectual on a perverted mind and degenerate race."

POLITICAL NEWS.

Massachusetts.—The Massachusetts Republican Convention assembled at Worcester, Mass., on June 4th. It appears to have been an enthusiastic assemblage. Senator Wilson was received with a triumphant procession. In the course of a stirring speech, Gen. Wilson told the following in relation to Sumner's spirit:—

"He was glad to say that Mr. Sumner is rising from that attack. His spirit has not been conquered. After we had carried him to his home, and placed him on his bed of anguish, he said, '*Wilson, when I recover, I will meet them again, and put it to them again.*' (Three cheers were given for Sumner.) And if God spares his life, his voice will again be heard in defence of the people of Kansas, and for the overthrow of the Slave Power in this Republic."

The Convention assembled at the City Hall, and was organized by the appointment of Hon. Charles Hudson as President, assisted by Hon. Josiah Quincy, ex-Governor Boutwell, Robert Rantoul, Charles Francis Adams, Henry W. Longfellow, Professor Felton, of Cambridge, Richard H. Dana, Jr., and many other gentlemen distinguished in various walks of life, as Vice-Presidents and Secretaries.

A series of strong Free State resolutions were adopted. Chas. Francis Adams delivered an eloquent speech, and a subscription was started for a testimonial to Senator Sumner.

A meeting in aid of Kansas took place at Worcester on the 7th. A subscription list was opened, and $4,500 was collected on the spot. Numerous volunteers for Kansas also offered their services. They will go well armed, and under the command of men of experience in military tactics, furnished with means to secure homes and defend them. Among the largest contributors at the meeting were Judge Washburn, Judge Allen and Judge Hatton.

One of the wealthy citizens of the county has offered to subscribe ten thousand dollars towards any well matured plan for driving out the invaders and securing peace to *the bona fide* settlers of the territory.

Hon. Chauncey L. Knapp, member of Congress from this State, previous to leaving Lowell one evening, was presented with a handsome revolver, bearing the motto "Free Speech."

New Hampshire.—The Legislature, in joint convention, elected on June 5th, Ralph Metcalf Governor, by 175 votes to 150 for Wells, (Dem.) Thomas J. Melvin was elected President of the Senate, and E. H. Rollins, Speaker of the House. All are Republicans.

Connecticut.—The Legislature at New Haven, on June 4th, elected James Dixon (American Republican) United States Senator. The vote stood, Dixon 113; Toucey, 101; stattering, 7. Charles McCurdy (Repub.) was also elected Judge of the Supreme Court.

The Senate of this State have since revoked their action in electing Hon. Jas. Dixon United States Senator, in consequence of the House not appointing ex-Governor Dutton Supreme Judge, as had been anticipated by the Senate. The matter was to be further debated on Tuesday.

A large Sumner indignation meeting was held at Providence on the 7th, when speeches were delivered by Dr. Wayland, Professors Crosvelt and Gammell, Charles S. Bradley, Thomas Davis and others. Strong resolutions were adopted.

Vermont.—The Republican State Convention met at Montpelier, on June 4th. The Hon. Levi Underwood, late a Democrat of high standing, presided. The Convention selected the delegates at large for the National Republican Convention. Resolutions were passed denouncing in strong and high-toned language, the recent outrages in Washington and Kansas. The Convention was pretty fully attended, every county except one being represented.

New York.—The American National Council, on June 4th, adopted propositions to do away with the secret system.

A series of resolutions were passed, endorsing the nomination of Mr. Fillmore, condemning the recent outrage in Washington, and denouncing the course of the Administration with reference to Kansas.

G. B. Hartlett, of Kentucky, was elected President; James M. Stephens, of Maryland, Recording Secretary; and other officers were chosen.

Louisiana.—The New Orleans election on June 2nd, resulted in the success of the whole American ticket, with the exception of two Councilmen. The Mayor has 2,000 majority.

The Clerk of the First District Court was shot and stabbed by one of a party of Sicilians. A serious riot occurred in the 11th precinct, during which three Sicilians were killed. Much fighting, stabbing and shooting occurred throughout the day.

Illinois.—The Republican State Convention met on June 2nd, at Bloomington, and made the following nominations by acclamation: For Governor—William H. Bissell. For Lieutenant Governor—Francis A. Hoffman.

Rhode Island.—The American State Convention met on June 3d, there being about 100 delegates present. The nomination of Mr. Fillmore for President was repudiated by a vote of 81 to 20.

The Nomination.—The nominations of Buchanan and Breckenridge have been enthusiastically received by the Democracy—with the firing of guns, illuminations and other demonstrations of rejoicings.

A meeting was held in Washington, which was addressed by Senators Cass and Douglas—the latter being repeatedly cheered. Both fully endorsed the nominations and platform. A procession then paraded to the White House, where President Pierce addressed it from a window, in advocacy of the harmonious results of the Convention, and predicting the election of the candidates.

Illinois.—Duncan, American candidate for Lieut. Governor of Illinois, also declines to run against the Republican ticket.

Mr. Fillmore.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Herald writes under date of the 21st ult., as follows:

"Mr. Fillmore arrived here yesterday from Copenhagen. He left Rome with a view to go to Russia, but found the Baltic blocked with ice. So he returned here, and will, in a few days, leave for England. You may expect him home in four or five weeks. He looks remarkably well; and I venture to say is the most composed candidate for the Presidency now extant. Mr. Fillmore received the first official information of his nomination by the American party, in Venice, and a duplicate of it here the day before yesterday. His acceptance goes out by the same mail which carries this letter. Mr. F. endorses the general principles of the platform, and condemns all sectional agitation. He accepts the nomination as a national man."

Brooks in 1854 versus Brooks in 1856.—Mr. Brooks, in his speech in the House, March 15th, 1854, delivered himself thus:

should aught of intemperance of language escape me in the remarks I am about to make, I trust that it may be regarded as directed towards principles and positions, and not to the persons from whom they proceed.

I have lived long enough to learn that, to do justice to the opinions and even prejudices of others, is the surest way to secure a just consideration of my own.

Nor, sir, does it jump with my humor or my appreciation of honor to assail those who, in obedience to a local sentiment, are averse to a resort but too common in a warmer latitude. *It is a cheap display of chivalry to insult where no risk is incurred;* and, for my own part, I would prefer the condition of him who bears the wound than of him by whom it is, under such circumstances, needlessly inflicted.

On June 21, 1854, in reference to the dispute between Churchill and Cullom, he introduced a series of resolves, from which we extract two:

Resolved, That any member who brings into the House a concealed weapon, shall be expelled by a two-thirds vote.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms shall cause to be erected a rack in the rotunda, where members who are addicted to the carrying of concealed weapons, shall be required to place them before entering this hall, and that they shall be exposed to the inspection of the curious as long as the men are employed in legislation.

A Mammoth Mother.—A little boy lately died at Leeds from cruel treatment by his mother. To extract alms, she exhibited him in the streets as an extraordinary instance of deformity—a trunk and head with no limbs; some women, doubting the truth of the deformity, seized the child, undressed him, and found the arms and legs bound tightly to the body—the legs bent up on the chest! They had been so for a long time, and when the bandages were unloosed the limbs would not resume their natural position. The poor child died in the work-house. The mother had been previously sent to prison as a vagrant.

Recently, two magnificent canes were passed through Richmond, Va., by Adams's Express, en route for Washington, as presents to Hon. Mr. Brooks. One was from the ship-builders of Charleston, and the other from other citizens.

Marriages.—In looking over some lists of births, deaths and marriages for the 3 years between 1730–50, I find most of the last-mentioned recorded in the following style:

"Mr. Haskett to Miss Pell, with $5 000.

"Mr. Davis to Mrs. Wylds, with $400 per annum.

"The Lord Bishop of St. Asaph to Miss Orell, with $40,000. ('It never rains but it pours.')

"Mr. Will. Hurlee to Miss Sally Mitchiner, with $3,000."

And so on. When did this method of announcing the "happy event" fall into disuse?—*Notes and Queries.*

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 157—Adults 68, and children 129.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE, whose name and fame have been transmitted to us by the immortal "Bard of Avon," is said to have been as brilliant in intellect, as brave in war. One disadvantage, however, he labored under, and that was the want of an establishment like that of Granville Sharpe, No. 520 Chestnut street, at which to procure his clothing.

MAGICAL AND EXTRAORDINARY!!!—Dr. A. E. Smith's "Electric Oil" is exciting wonderful interest everywhere. Dr. Hance, of Baltimore, who has sold *several thousand* bottles, writes that Mr. Weiss (80 years old) has been cured of Paralysis. Barnes & Park, N. Y., write that old Mr. Antonedis was also cured with *one bottle*. Dr. Elkinton's wife, Phila., cured in one day of *Rheumatism* of 30 years. Some of the quickest cures on record, especially of Piles and Rheumatism, have been made by Dr. Smith. ☞ Beware of base counterfeits, and never learn anything by the name unless the signature of A. E. Smith is on the glass and the wrapper, N. E. corner Walnut and 8th Sts., Philada.

IT IS WORSE THAN USELESS, to suffer from a protracted cough when relief may be so easily obtained. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is undoubtedly the most reliable of all preparations offered for the cure of throat and lung complaints.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—A curious case of circumstantial evidence has just come to light. A young man was convicted of an offence because he wore a coat of a certain cut. After the mistake was discovered and he was set at liberty, he lost no time in getting himself a coat of approved fashion, at the new store of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 203 and 205 Chestnut street.

CONSUMPTIVES READ THE FOLLOWING:

I have found your EXPECTORANT a valuable article in a very troublesome, persistent cough that I have had for many years, which depended on a disposition of the Bronchia to take a morbid action pending changes in the weather. It has been relieved by less than a single bottle. I opened the bottle for the benefit of an infant child, whose lungs were laboring under an commencement of coneus—after premising an emetic at first, I have found the Expectorant sufficient ever since—a portion of the bottle cured my cough. I am now giving it to a relative who has a predisposition to ASTHMA, whose health is improving under its use. The improved weather no doubt a favorable influence—but I shall persevere in its use.

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A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 69 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York. je7-4t

A Perfumed Breath.—What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath when by using the "*Balm of a Thousand Flowers*" as a dentifrice would not only render it sweet but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject to so delicate their friends will never mention it. Pour a single drop of the "Balm" on your tooth-brush and wash the teeth night and morning. A fifty cent bottle will last a year.

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For sale at T. B. Peterson's, 102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and all Druggists. jan26-eowly

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, by Friends' Ceremony, L. Henry Twaddell, M. D. of West Philadelphia, to Frances D. daughter of James J. Lewis, of Newtown, Del. county, Pa.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Furman Middleton, to Miss Fannie A. Marsh, both of Philadelphia.

In Muhlenburg county, Ky. on the 22d of May, by the Rev. Dr. J. T. Crandel, Mr. W. C. Hendricks, to Miss Jennie Norman.

By the same, on the 22d of May, Mr. John McCann, to Miss S. A. Hinkle, all of Muhlenburg county, Ky.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Doctor J. C. Clay, Mr. William H. Caldwell, to Miss Ermalinda W. French, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. John A. Roche, Mr. Oliver J. Wilson, of Ulster county, N. Y. to Mary M. Sykes, of Philadelphia.

On the 8th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Blackwood, D. D., Mr. George W. Richmond, to Miss Mary Devenny, both of this city.

On the 20th of Jan. by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. J. K. Atkins, to Miss Sallie Alexander, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Charles Cook, D. D., Mr. Alex. J. Dorrenstey, Esq. to Miss Elizabeth H. daughter of Jas. D. Brown, both of this city.

In this city, on the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Bomberger, Mr. Amos Parker, to Miss Eliza Hill, all of Philadelphia.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Urie, Mr. Gideon W. Knox, to Miss Mary W. Evans, both of Sussex county, Del.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. S. W. Crittenden, of New York, S. H. Crittenden, to Mary L. daughter of Benj. Milnor, both of this city.

On the 7th ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. Thomas Butterworth, to Miss Anna Guie.

On the 3d ultimo, by the Rev. William Barns, Mr. Mark Lewis, of Philadelphia, to Margaret McDaniel, of Wilmington, Del.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. Richard Newton, Mr. Samuel Charles, M. D. of Camden, to Jane T. Snyder, of this city.

On the 20th of Dec. last, by Alderman Butler, William Evans, of New York, to Annie E. Dobbin, of Philadelphia.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Brunner, Mr. Garber, to Miss Caroline Weishey, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. E. J. Way, Mr. Henry M. Kelly, of Philadelphia, to Catharine W. Allen, of Lewes, Del.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, John Lyndsey, aged 3 years.

On the 4th instant, James Alexander, son of Eliza and the late Samuel Thompson, aged 3 years and 6 months.

On the 4th instant, Edwin W. son of John W. and Susanna W. Swindell, aged 21 months.

On the 3d instant, Patrick Dougherty, aged 22 years.

In Camden, on the 3d instant, Mary E. daughter of Capt A. B. and Charlotte Butche, aged 4 years.

On the 3d instant, James Ryan, aged 36 years.

On the 2d instant, in New York, Stephen Charles, son of Stephen H. and Louisa Gimber.

On the 2d instant, Elizabeth, daughter of Chas. B. and Elizabeth Russell, aged 2 years and 4 months.

On the 2d instant, Mary, daughter of the late Abijah and Emma Yates, aged 14 years.

On the 2d instant, Mr. Thomas I. Hanton.

On the 2d instant, Henry, son of Henry B. and Elizabeth Kennedy, aged 2 years and 8 months.

On the 3d instant, Jordan J. Fox, aged 7 years.

On the 3d instant, Nathan, son of Nathan Rose, aged 12 years.

On the 3d instant, Margaret Connor, aged 14 years.

On the 3d instant, Mr. Francis Leiby, aged 27 years.

At Logansport, Ind. on the 29th ultimo, Mr. John F. Brown, aged 25 years.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. Miranda, wife of John P. McGannon, aged 39 years.

On the 1st instant, Mr. John Christian, Sr. aged 73 years.

On the 1st instant, Howard Frederick, son of Wm and Amanda E. Angrosh, aged 5 years and 9 months.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. Mary Davis.

On the 1st instant, William McLaughlin, aged 23 years.

On the 2d instant, Catharine Welsh, aged 60 years.

On the 3d instant, Mary, wife of Thos. Reath.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. Jane, wife of Cornelius Boyd, aged 28 years.

On the 2d instant, Albert C. son of Nathaniel and Alice Demerritt.

On the 1st instant, Thomas Miles, aged 96 years.

On the 2d instant, Ellen, wife of Jas. Connell, aged 27.

On the 2d instant, Mary Clark, daughter of Joseph A. and Hannah Engleman, aged 4 years.

On the 2d instant, Caroline A. daughter of Harvey and Cath. Filbey, aged 24 years.

On the 1st instant, Rebecca Tee, wife of Abraham H. Emley.

On the 30th ultimo, Mr Abraham M. Peters, aged 45.

On the 31st ultimo, Mary Anna, daughter of Wm and Margaret C. Butler, aged 2 years and 9 months.

On the 31st ultimo, Mrs. Hannah, wife of Nathan Coleman, aged 84 years.

On the 31st ultimo, Joseph, son of Joseph K. and Mary E. Knox, aged 4 years and 4 months.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. Elizabeth Deaner, aged 100.

On the 31st ultimo, Mrs. Rebecca Livesay.

On the 29th ultimo, James Meares, aged 19 years.

On the 31st ultimo, Charles H. Carruthers, aged 20 years.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. Margaret Kifer, aged 58 years.

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EVERY READER

Wit and Humor.

MUSICAL CANT.—We are indebted to our philosophic contemporary, the Musical World, for a quotation from another musical critic, who deports himself in a fashion of which the World speaks with well-directed derision. The writer is described as a German rhodomontader, but we confess to a recollection of having from time to time read, in English newspapers, matter somewhat cognate, and the excuse we used to find was, that the critics had become æsthetic and hysteric, in their desire to get away from the stereotyped common-place of enthusiasm with which every trumpery paragraph monger pays for free admissions and private boxes. The cold-blooded, deliberate nonsense of the German, however, seems to have no extenuation. We give an abridged specimen:—

"CHARACTERISTICS OF FOUR PIANOFORTE PLAYERS.—Liszt is distinguished for the most passionate declamation; Thalberg for the most refined voluptuousness; Clara Wieck the most ardent enthusiasm; Henselt the most delicate lyrical taste. Thalberg pleases us in the highest degree, and often enraptures; Liszt gives us the idea of supernatural power; Clara transports us to the higher regions; Henselt beautifully excites and gratifies the imagination. In purity of playing, we would place them in the following order: Thalberg, Clara, Henselt, Liszt. In extempore ability, Liszt, Clara. In depth and warmth of feeling, Liszt, Henselt, Clara, Thalberg. In thorough acquaintance with the principles of the art, Thalberg, Henselt, Clara, Liszt. In elevation of spirit, Liszt; in knowledge of the world, Thalberg; in somewhat of affectation of manner, Henselt; in self-respect, Clara. In beauty of design, Thalberg, Henselt, Clara, Liszt. Boldness, Liszt, Clara. Egotism, Liszt, Henselt. Acknowledging the merit of others, Thalberg and Clara. In aptitude of study, Liszt, Thalberg, Clara. Playing without grimaces, Thalberg and Clara."

Reading the above with grimaces, Punch, and everybody else, the writer, understood to be Clara's husband, might have added. But there is more of the same kind, and as the Musical World seems to have become too disgusted to go on quoting, Punch will heroically take up the work. The writer proceeds:—

"CHARACTERISTICS OF FOUR ORCHESTRAL CONDUCTORS.—In the van of the orchestra we analyze specialite as follows: Jules Benedict is distinguished for the line of beauty in the wave of his baton, Costa for his ardency of blow, Balfe for an Hiberneo-Austrian gaiety of flourish, and Alfred Mellon for a Pre-Raphaelite precision of stroke. Jules banishes all fear of error, Costa endows us with a portion of his own temerity, Balfe intoxicates us with a Comus-wand, and Mellon guides us as with the field-marshal's staff. In energy of whack we would rank them thus, Balfe, Costa, Jules, Mellon. In resonance upon the music-stand, Costa, Mellon, Jules, Balfe. In safety for the nearest bald-head, Benedict, Mellon, Costa, Balfe. In indication of subsequent oyster-ography and beefishness, Balfe, Costa, Mellon, Jules. In addiction to pickled salmon for supper, Benedict, Costa, Mellon, Balfe. In the faculty of remembering one's umbrella, Benedict, Costa, Balfe. In acknowledging the applause of the audience, Costa, Benedict. In white-kid glove splitting, Mellon, Benedict, Balfe. In inaptitude to eat post-prandial periwinkles, nearly equal. In contempt for the German 'Characteristics' writer, exactly equal."

If the Musical World hears of anything else from the same source, we hope he will not be so selfishly reticent as upon the present occasion; but give it—at large—to the world at large.—*Punch.*

"THE GRAY MARE IS THE BETTER HORSE."—We know that the line is in Prior's Epilogue to Lucius; but the story from which the phrase is derived is something like this: A gentleman, who had seen the world, one day gave his eldest son a span of horses, a chariot, and a basket of eggs. "Do you," said he, to the boy, "travel upon the high road until you come to the first house in which there is a married couple. If you find that the husband is the master there, give him one of the horses. If, on the contrary, the wife is ruler, give her an egg. Return at once if you part with a horse, but do not come back so long as you keep both horses, and there is an egg remaining."

Away went the boy full of his mission, and just beyond the borders of his father's estate, lo! a modest cottage. He alighted from his chariot, and knocked at the door. The good wife opened it for him and curtsied. "Is your husband at home?" "No," but she would call him from the hay field. In he came, wiping his brows. The young man told them his errand. "Why," said the wife, bridling and smoothing the corner of her apron, "I always do as John wants me to do; he is my master—aren't you, John?" To which John replied: "Yes." "Then," said the boy, "I am to give you a horse; which will you take?" "I think," said John, "as how that bay gelding seems to be the one as would suit me the best." "If we have a choice, husband," said the wife, "I think the gray mare will suit us best." "No," replied John, "the bay for me: he is more square in front, and his legs are better. "Now," said the wife, "I don't think so; the gray mare is the better horse; and I shall never be contented unless I get that one." "Well," said John, "if your mind is not on it, I'll give up: we'll take the gray mare." "Thank you," said the boy, "allow me to give you an egg from this basket; it is a nice fresh one, and you can boil it hard or soft, as your wife will allow." The rest of the story you may imagine; the young man came home with both horses; but not an egg remained in the basket.—*Cozzens's Winegrove.*

TERRIBLE WIT.—Lord Bacon tells of his father, Sir Nicholas, that when appointed a Judge on the Northern Circuit: "He was by one of the malefactors mightily importuned for to save his life; which, when nothing he had said did avail, he at length desired his mercy on account of kindred. "Prithee," said my Lord Judge, "how came that in?" "Why, if it please you, my lord, your name is Bacon and mine is Hog; and in all ages Hog and Bacon have been so near kindred, that they are not to be separated." "Ay, but," replied Lord Bacon, "you and I cannot be kindred, except you be hanged; for Hog is not Bacon until it is well hanged."

LEAN DIET.—A Methodist minister at the West, who lived on a very small salary, was greatly troubled at one time to get his quarterly installment. He at last told the paying trustee that he must have his money, as his family were suffering for the necessaries of life. "Money?" replied the steward. "You preach for money! I thought you preached for the good of souls!" "*Souls!*" replied the minister; "I can't eat souls, and if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a decent meal!"

SYDNEY SMITH says:—"Most London dinners evaporate in whispers to one's next neighbor. I make it a rule never to speak to mine, but fire across the table; though I broke the rule once, when I heard a lady who sat next me, in a low, sweet voice, say—'No gravy, sir.' I had never seen her before, but I turned suddenly round, and said:—'Madam, I have been looking all my life for a person who disliked gravy; let us swear eternal friendship.'"

LITERAL.—A pedagogue told one of his scholars a son of the Emerald Isle, to spell hostility.—"H-o-s-t-i-l-e, horse," commenced Pat. "Not horse-ility," said the teacher, "but hos-tility." "Sure," replied Pat, "an' didn't ye tell me the other day not to say hoss? Be jabers! it's won thing wid ye one day, and another the next."

☞ Seth Paine, of the Lake Zurich Banner, notices the great event of Europe, and a smaller one at *the Lake:* "The Empress of France has got a baby, and my wife has got another."

WHO COOKS FOR YOU ALL.—Many years since, during the height of the Florida War, a company of the Second Infantry made their camp for the night, after a rainy day's march, by the bank of a muddy stream that sluggishly meandered through a dense and unwholesome everglade. Dennis Mulligan, the red-haired Irish servant of the commanding officer, having seen his master's tent comfortably pitched, lit a small fire beneath a huge palmetto, and having cut several slices of fat pork from the daily ration, proceeded to fry that edible for the nightly repast.

In the deep gloom of the evening, silence reigned unbroken but by the crackling of Dennis's small fire and the frizzling of the pork as it crisped and curled in the mighty mess-pan, when suddenly, with a tremendous "woosh," the leaves of the palmetto were disturbed, and a great barrel owl, five feet from tip to tip, settled in the foliage. Dennis was superstitious, most Irishmen are, and startled by the disturbance, he suspended for an instant his culinary operations, and *frying*-pan in hand, gazed slowly and fearfully about him. Persuading himself that the noise was but the effect of imagination, he again addressed himself to his task, when the owl set up his fearful hoot, which sounded to the horrified ears of Dennis, like, "*Who—cooks—for you—all?*" Again he suspended operations, again gazed fearfully forth into the night, again persuaded himself that his imagination was at fault, and was about to return to his task, when accidently glancing upward, he beheld the awful countenance and glaring eyes of the owl turned downward upon him, and from that cavernous throat in hollow tones, again issued the question, "*Who—who—cooks—for you—all?*" "God bless your honor," said poor Dennis, while the mess-pan shook in his quivering grasp, and the unheeded pork poured forth a molten stream, which, falling upon the flames, caused a burst of illumination that added to the terrors of the scene, "God bless your honor, *I* cooks for Captain Eaton, but I don't know, sir, who cooks for the rest of the gintlemen." A burst of fiendish laughter followed—from those who had witnessed the incident unseen, and "Dennis's Devil" became a favorite yarn in the Second Infantry from that time forth.

SOUTHERN CUSTOM.—A gentleman writing from Vicksburg, makes us acquainted with a curious Southern custom. His description is amusing. We give it in his own words:

"The Hotel where I am stopping is a sort of country one, but comfortable. The landlord is an eccentric old fellow, who, while carving, 'cries' his bill of fare. He goes through the entire bill, backwards and forwards, his voice rising on the last syllable of every item, until he says, 'All the best in the world,' when he lets his voice run down. This is the fashion of his speech: 'Oh, ladies and gentlemen! Oyster soup—oyster soup; boiled red fish; roast beef, rare and well done; roast venison; roast turkey; corned beef and cabbage; boiled and roast potatoes; hurry up the hot cakes; oh, the side bone of the turkey; oh, the side bone; oranges and mince pie; apples and oranges; tea and coffee; all the best in the world!'"

A VOCATION.—A gentleman loafer, recently arrested in Cincinnati, being questioned by the officer as to his vocation, replied:

"Sir, I am a doctor—I have cured a pain in the head of navigation, and drawn teeth from the mouth of the Mississippi; I have anatomized the side of a mountain, blistered the foot of a hill, felt the pulse of an arm of the sea, plastered a cut on the hand of nature, and cured a felon on the finger of scorn."

Useful Receipts.

TO DESTROY CATERPILLARS.—A gentleman from Saugus, whose name we have forgotten, informs us that he has found the use of molasses very effectual in destroying caterpillars; that when they are in the nest, he has smeared it over with molasses, and that none have ever escaped from it; that they cannot travel over a limb where the molasses has touched, and that it does not in any way injure the tree, and that upon the whole, he likes it better than lighted torches, gunpowder, soap-suds, whale oil soap, or even the thumb and finger! A cheap and easy remedy. Let the molasses "work."—*N. E. Farmer.*

TO KILL MILK WEEDS.—Mow them while in the blow, twice each summer, for two or three years, and you will have little trouble in your pasture lands after that.—J. SIBLEY, *Forestville, N. Y.*, 1856.

TO PRESERVE EGGS.—If necessary to pack eggs, let it be done in oats or bran—buckwheat bran being best for warm weather—and then keep as cool and dry as possible. Packing in salt destroys the life of the eggs, and in lime they become cooked.

TO CLEAN KNIVES WITH EXPEDITION AND EASE.—Make a strong solution of the common washing soda and water; after wiping them, dip the blades of the knives in the solution, then polish on a knife-board. The same would, of course, be effectual for forks. This simple method will no doubt greatly diminish the dislike which some servants have to this part of domestic work.

TURKEY LEGS BROILED.—Bruise some undressed legs of turkey until tender, dip them in melted butter, or clear salad oil; broil them a fine brown color, and serve with remoulade sauce.

TO MAKE MOCK STRAWBERRIES.—A lady, in Chicago, Ill., says:—Cut up ripe peaches and soft mild eating apples, in the proportion of three to one, into pieces the size of strawberries, and mix them with a proper proportion of sugar, and after they have stood together for a few hours, and mingled their flavors, even an amateur, if he will not look at the hash, might mistake it for strawberries.

HOW TO CHOOSE LAMB.—In the fore-quarter, the vein in the neck being any other color than blue betrays it to be stale. In the hind-quarter, try the kidney with your nose; the faintness of its smell will prove it to be stale.

TO STEW DUCKS.—There is a difference between a stewed duck and stewed duck, and it is not the *a* alone; in the one case the duck is stewed whole, and in the other in pieces. To stew a duck or ducks, they should be stuffed and roasted for twenty minutes, and then placed in a stewpan with an onion cut in slices, a little sage and mint, sweet herbs chopped fine, and about a pint of good beef gravy, seasoned with pepper and salt; let it stew gently for about twenty minutes, then take out the duck carefully and keep it warm, strain the gravy, pour it into a clean stewpan, and add to it, when well heated, the duck and a quart of green peas; let it simmer for half an hour; if not sufficiently thick, add a little flour and butter, a glass of good old port wine; and send to table, with the peas in the same dish as the duck.

GAPES IN CHICKENS.—Take a teaspoonful of melted lard, and put in one clove. Break it in two parts, and give it to the chicken.—*Rural New Yorker.*

TO BONE BIRDS.—Begin to bone birds by first taking out the breast bone, when you will have sufficient space to remove the back with a sharp knife, and then the leg bones; the skin must not be broken, but the meat of the legs must be pushed inwards.

HOW TO WASH FLANNEL.—Some washerwomen possess quite a *knack* in washing flannels, so as to prevent at fulling. It is not the soapsuds, nor rinsing waters that thicken up flannel in washing, but the rubbing of it. Cloth is fulled by being "pounced and jounced" in the stocks of the fulling-mill with soapsuds. The action of rubbing flannel on the washboard, is just the same as that of the fulling-mill. Flannel, therefore, should always be washed in very strong soapsuds, which will remove the dirt and grease, by squeezing, better than hard rubbing will in weak soapsuds. It should also be rinsed out of the soap in warm water, and never in cold, as the fibres of the wool do not shrink up as much in warm water after coming out of the warm soapsuds. Great care should be taken to rinse the soap completely out of the flannel. This advice will apply to the washing of blankets, the same as it does to the washing of flannel.—*Scientific American.*

THE ENGLISH COLLEGE SYSTEM—TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER MATTER.

OLD GENT.—"And pray who is your friend with the coffee pot?"

"SMALL BOY.—"That! Oh! He's my fag—he gets me my breakfast and such like, but I always leave him some crumpets—and—*never bully him.*"

Agricultural.

GARDEN WORK FOR JUNE.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—A very principal business in the kitchen garden this month, is to keep it clear of weeds, and the spaces between crops continually and well stirred. The little instrument called the hand cultivator, may be used, after thorough weeding, to great advantage, and with superior economy as compared with the hand-hoe. In well tilled garden soils, one man with this little instrument can do the work of twenty with hand-hoes; it is only useful, however, to pass between rows, as it cannot remove the weeds which are resident in the rows.

Some time since we visited the beautiful nursery of Mr. Wm. Reid, at Elizabeth City, N. J. Not a weed was to be seen, and we remarked to Mr. R. that he must require a great deal of help to pull weeds; he said "no, he never had any to pull, as they were always disturbed by the cultivator or plough, before they were large enough for pulling." Such should be the practice in vegetable gardens.

The early crops of radishes, lettuce, &c., are now over; such ground as was manured for these crops, should be used for late beets and carrots, planting out cauls raps, &c.

Standing crops should be thinned out, vacant ground cleared out, to prevent weeds running to seed. Every means should be resorted to, to destroy insects, and trap lamps and other contrivances should be used to catch flyers at night. Frequent hoeing will materially lessen the liability of crops to suffer from drought, as the moisture contained in the atmosphere can then be rained upon and condensed by the colder particles of the soil below the surface.

Kidney Beans may be planted this month. But seeds now planted, will give better crops than those planted earlier. If the cabbage plants from seed sown last month, be annoyed by insects, dust them with a mixture made of fresh wood ashes, Scotch snuff, and pulverized quick lime, with which a few drops of Haarlem Oil has been mixed. Stir them together thoroughly, and dust on the leaves when wet with dew or rain. Cabbage and Celery intended for summer use, may be transplanted this month; if Lima or cranberry beans are sluggish in growth, top-dress them with guano mixed with charcoal dust. Sow carrots, plant cucumber seeds, if not previously done: plant late sweet corn, transplant leeks, and early in the month okra may still be planted. Plant peas every two weeks, and soak them in water six hours, with a small quantity of saltpetre before planting. Pumpkins, squashes, and summer radishes may still be planted; detach small suckers or lateral heads from globe artichokes, to give strength to main ones: keep onion beds clean, and thin those intended to ripen; put out cabbage plants in paths between onions; clean asparagus beds.

The latter part of the month is a proper time for transplanting leeks, cardoons, cabbages, endive, celery, &c., for full autumn crops.

The dipping of the roots in a mixture of plaster of Paris and whale oil, will prevent the attacks of the grub on the brassica tribe.

Draw the earth up around sweet potatoes.

FRUIT GARDEN AND ORCHARD.—Look well to peach trees, and remove borers and peach worms from the bark of the tree just below the surface of the ground. All sorts of fruit trees may be trimmed this month if necessary; cut off all black knots from plum trees; avoid trimming cherries or shortening-in peach trees at this season; remove excess of fruits, or you will lose more in quality than you will gain in quantity. Use the burning lamp for getting rid of the second brood of caterpillars. Cut off runners in strawberry beds as fast as the plants have done fruiting, and thus enable them to gain strength. If gooseberries show mildew, soak cut hay (salt hay if you have it,) in strong brine, and place it on the ground around the main stem, and extending outward as far as the foliage; sprinkle over this charcoal dust.

Destroy ants with the ammoniacal water of the gas works; give liquid manure to weakly small fruits, and keep mulch around them. Summer prune grape vines, and assist them if sluggish.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Holland bulbs should be generally lifted this month, and Buist says that it is not advisable to take up *jonquils, fritillaria, crocus,* and *irus,* oftener than every alternate year; *jonquils,* may stand three years. *Anemonies* and *ranunculos,* should be carefully lifted after their leaves begin to fade. Do not expose them to the sun, but cover slightly with sand or earth until they are perfectly dry, when they may be carefully lifted, sifted out and put away in drawers. Some recommend that they be soaked in soap-suds, to destroy a worm with which they are sometimes affected.

Autumn flowering bulbs should all be lifted as soon as the foliage is decayed, kept a few weeks out of the ground, and then be again replanted in fresh soil.

To make carnations flower well, they should be firmly tied up to the rods and watered in dry weather.

When pinks are in flower, their beauty may be prolonged by giving them a little shade at mid-day.

Budding and inoculation of roses may be performed next month. Lately planted shrubs should be frequently watered in dry weather. Buist, from whose valuable work, called *The American Flower Garden Directory,* we select much on the subject on which it treats, says, that:

"We do confess that we used to be advocates for giving plenty of water to the dahlia, but the severe drought of 1838 put our science to the test, and the result was, that about 100 plants of our most choice kinds, which we regularly watered three times a week for nine weeks, during which period we had not a drop of rain, the plants grew luxuriantly, but many of them never produced a perfect bloom; and those that had no attention whatever paid to them, except a little manure or litter placed on the surface over the roots, flowered almost as well as in our most moist seasons."

Hence we infer that an occasional watering may be of service, but continued and repeated artificial waterings are injurious.

GARDEN WALKS, ROADS, &c.—Sprinkle fine salt on them occasionally, to keep off weeds, and to prevent their being sufficiently dry in hot weather to be dusty.—*Working Farmer.*

WHAT MAY BE DONE WITH A POOR ORCHARD?—We condense from the experience of a friend, whose whole statement would occupy more space than we can give. The following may be relied on as entirely accurate:—Five years ago, he purchased an orchard containing 23 trees. They had never borne much, having been planted but a few years. Their treatment had been miserable. Cows and horses had been pastured in the orchard. More than one quarter of the trees had been bruised or bent, so that it seemed that they must die. The rest had been left unpruned, the suckers were growing from their roots, and large scars where the bark had been torn off by the horns of cattle, disfigured many of them. The insects, too, had held carnival among them. Apple borers had pierced their trunks; caterpillars had spun their webs from year to year in their branches; and ants, whose hills had multiplied around, were swarming on the trees of fruit during all the warm months.

Such was the condition of the trees. When our friend considered the case, he seriously thought of cutting them all down, and beginning anew. But the entreaties of his wife, who thought that some fruit might be grown on some of the trees, while a younger orchard would be coming on, induced him to try what could be done with these ragged, hopeless subjects.

His plan was a simple one. He turned out all animals. He pruned the trees carefully, covering all the wounds with grafting wax or shellac. He propped up the trees that were bent almost to the ground, and covered the large scars with cotton cloth that had been spread with grafting wax. He removed all the sprouts from the roots, and kept them cut off as fast as they re-appeared. He battled the insects as best he could. The borers he dug out of the trees, with a knife. The caterpillars he burned up, cutting off the limbs where their nests were, and putting them into the kitchen stove. The ants he destroyed by pouring hot water after the Monday's washing into their hills. And he destroyed the moss and numberless eggs, and grubs, by removing the rough bark, on the trunks and limbs, and washing the trees generously with old soap. He enriched the ground by spading under manure mixed with lime, and a little salt. This course he has kept up as he thought needful, every year since.

But what are the results? We will state them. Every tree has lived. The most hopeless ones have borne generously. The trees have quadrupled the size of their tops in the last five years. The orchard attracts the attention of every passer by. All exclaim: "What fine apple trees you have, Mr. ——!" The insects above mentioned, have almost entirely disappeared. Last year, (1855,) these 23 trees bore between 100 and 150 bushels of apples, and when this statement was made to us, more than half of them were just blooming, as if for another generous yield in 1856. Such are the results thus far.—*Ohio Farmer.*

HOW TO TAR SEED CORN.—Tarring seed corn I esteem an infallible remedy against crows and all kindred destroyers. None of them will eat it when properly prepared. Against wire worms it is of no use. It is done thus, and with 20 years of experience it has not failed to come up properly with me, or to remain safe against the depredators; still if it is not well done it had better be not tried.

Have ready two iron or other vessels, say an iron pot of about one pailful, and a three-pail kettle, and tar and plaster at hand. Soak the seed corn in rain water, (fertilizers in steep are of no consequence,) as warm as the hand can bear, and set in a warm place ten or fifteen hours, not more, for in case of necessary delay in planting, the seed corn had better be prepared and then put in the cellar, as it will not spoil, though it may sprout before planting. Put a large table-spoonful of tar with a pint of water in a small kettle, and heat till it boils. In the meantime put about three quarts of the soaked corn into the pot. Having the boiling tar ready, pour into it a little cold water to be sure it is not so hot as to kill the corn. Pour this on the corn in the pot. Stir it thoroughly, and each kernel will seem to be coated with a thin skin of varnish. Put a bit of board on the pot, and turn it over to drain all the water off. Throw a pint or more of dry plaster on the bottom of the larger kettle, throw in the corn and stir it from top to bottom, adding more plaster as necessary, until all is dry and the grains separated, looking like little balls of hard dry plaster. Two sticks are best to stir with, one for the tar and one for the plaster. Empty each batch as prepared, into a nail keg or other convenient vessel, and set in the cellar taking out only enough for half a day's planting, so as not to expose it unnecessarily to the hot sun. No trouble will be found in handling it. LEVI J. HOPKINS, in *Country Gentleman.*

SUCKLING COLTS.—When you ride or drive your mares with colts by their side to town, put a halter on the colt and train it to walk by the side of its mother. The halter should be of sufficient length to allow the colt to suck, and to lie down. A colt thus trained is half broke; but the main object of the halter is, to prevent the colt from running after strange horses.

HORSE SHOEING.—William Mills, Esq., the author of a recent English treatise on Horse Shoeing puts a gutta-percha protection across the sole of the foot, and secures the shoes on the fore-feet by only three nails in each. He has followed this practice with six horses for seven years, and considers a larger number than five as very bungling.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS OF THE U. S.

We take from the National Intelligencer the subjoined interesting approximate estimate of the Agricultural Products of the United States for the year 1855, made up from the most authentic accessible data, by J. Browne, Esq., the efficient Superintendent of the Agricultural Division of the Bureau. It may be here stated, that if there be any error in the estimate, it is in falling below rather than above the truth, either in the quantity or value of the products:—

VEGETABLE PRODUCTS.

	Valuation.			Total value.
Indian corn	600,000,000 bush.,	at 60 cts,		$360,000,000
Wheat	183,000,000	do.	at $1,30,	247,500,000
Rye	14,000,000	do.	at 1,00,	14,000,000
Barley	6,000,000	do.	at 80 cts,	5,040,000
Oats	170,000,000	do.	at 40 cts,	68,000,000
Buckwheat	10,080,000	do.	at 80 cts,	8,000,000
Potatoes (all sorts)	110,000,000	do.	at 37 cts,	41,000,000
Flaxseed	58,000,000	do.	at $1,25,	72,500
Beans and Peas	9,500,000	do.	at 2,00,	19,000,000
Clover & grass seed	1,000,000	do.	at 2,00,	2,000,000
Rice	220,000,000	lbs.	at 4 cts,	10,000,000
Sugar cane	503,000,000	do.	at 2 cts,	33,330,000
Sugar (maple)	34,000,000	do.	at 8 cts,	2,720,000
Molasses	14,000,000	galls.,	at 30 cts,	4,200,000
Wine	2,300,000	do.	at $1,00,	2,300,000
Hops	3,500,000	lbs.	at 15 cts,	525,000
Orchard products				25,000,000
Garden products				50,000,000
Tobacco	190,000,000	do.	at 10 cts,	19,000,000
Cotton	1,700,000,000	do.	at 8 cts,	136,000,000
Hemp	31,300	tons,	at $100,	3,130,000
Flax	800,000	lbs.	at 10 cts,	80,000
Hay and fodder	16,000,000	tons,	at $10,	160,000,000
Pasturage				143,000,000

DOMESTIC ANIMALS AND ANIMAL PRODUCTS.

	Valuation.			Total value.
Horned cattle	21,000,000	at $20 each,		$420,000,000
Horses, asses, mules	5,160,000	at 60 "		309,600,000
Sheep	23,500,000	at 2 "		47,000,000
Swine	32,000,000	at 5 "		160,000,000
Poultry				20,000,000
Slaughtered animals				300,000,000
Butter and cheese	600,000,000	lbs. at 15 cts,		73,000,000
Milk*	1,000,000,000	gals. at 10 cts,		100,000,000
Wool	60,000,000	lbs. at 35 cts,		21,000,000
Beeswax and honey	16,000,000	do. at 15 cts,		2,400,000
Silk cocoons	5,000	do. at $1,		5,000

* Exclusive of that used for butter and cheese.

It will be observed, as a matter of curiosity, that the hay and fodder crop is estimated as exceeding in value by $24,000,000 the whole cotton crop, and that the yearly product of milk, exclusive of that used for butter and cheese, is more than two-thirds of the value of the cotton crop. The paucity of this crop, compared to all the others, proves how small an item the foreign commerce of a country foots up, though counted by hundreds of millions, compared to the domestic products and wants originating and terminating at home.

GRAPE VINES IN GARDENS.—Grape vines delight in being well manured, and will not give the best satisfaction without a dry bottom and abundance of rich soil. At this period of the season, those who have trained grape vines in their gardens, should examine them thoroughly to destroy caterpillar worms while they are small. One may now be found in almost every bud, rolled up in a pellet of fine wool. All the labor thus spent will pay for itself. During warm dry weather, the surface of the ground around the roots of vines, should be covered with litter, to protect the tender rootlets, that spread out so near the surface.

LEAF MANURE.—If you have a large pile of leaves, which you would convert into manure, adopt the following process: Slake fresh lime with brine till it falls to a powder. Turn your leaves with a fork, and sprinkle this powder evenly among them, at the rate of four bushels to a cord of leaves. Turn the heap now and then, and you will soon have a noble manure. Nothing is better applied to fruit trees.—*Horticulturist.*

A FIGHTING TAILOR.—The celebrated dandy, Beau Brummell, used to relate the following anecdote of his tailor:—"That fellow, Weston, is an inimitable fellow—a little defective, perhaps, in his 'linings,' but irreproachable for principle and button-holes. He came to London, sir, without a shilling; and he counts more realized thousands than our fat friend does 'frogs' on his Brandenberg. He is not only rich, but brave; not only brave, but courteous; not only courteous, but candid. The other day he was coming up from some place on the coast, by that thing, the—the—stage-coach. There were two women in the coach, two decidedly pretty women, and an over-dressed fellow, who was, of course, an ass; and who was so over-civil to the prettier of the two, that the persecuted creature appealed to the quiet little Weston for protection. Weston, sir, talked to the fellow with an *aplomb* that would have done honor to either of *my* friends, the Lord Primate or the Lord Chancellor. The brute—not the tailor, but the 'gentleman'—was deaf to remonstrance and ruder than ever. Thereupon, Weston stopped the coach, dragged the astonished fellow out, explained to the outside passengers the state of the case, and found his challenge to fight received with acclamations by everybody but his opponent. He compelled his unwilling adversary, however, to stand upon the defensive, and a most terrible thrashing he gave him. But his *coup de grace,* sir, was the most finished thing I ever heard of. Weston, sir, picked him up from the ground, held him at arm's length, and in a cruel, loud voice, exclaimed to him, 'Now, sir, it may be a pleasure to you and to your friends to know that you have not only been well licked, but you have been licked by a tailor!'"

NEVER REPRESS YOUR TEARS.—A lengthy dissertation has recently been published by a physician of France, on the beneficial influence of groaning and crying on the nervous system. He contends that groaning and crying are the two grand operations by which nature allays anguish—that he has uniformly observed that those patients who give way to their natural feelings, more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose that it is unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. He is always pleased by the crying and violent roaring of a patient during the time he is undergoing a violent surgical operation, because he is satisfied that he will thereby soothe his nervous system so as to prevent fever, and insure a favorable termination. He relates the case of a man who, by crying and bawling, reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty, in the course of two hours. That some patients often have great satisfaction in groaning, and that hysterical patients experience great relief from crying, are facts which no person will deny. As to restless and hypochondrical subjects, or those who are never happy but when they are under some course of medical or dietetic treatment, the French surgeon assures them that they cannot do better than to groan all day and cry all night.

NONSENSE FOR NONSENSE.—Suvaroff, the half mad, half-savage Russian general, used frequently to ask the young officers and soldiers the most absurd questions, considering it a proof of smartness on their part if they gave a prompt reply, and hating above all things "I don't know" as an answer. He one day went up to a sentry, and, as the man presented arms, Suvaroff said, "Tell me how many buttons there are on the uniforms of 50,000 men?" "I can't say," replied the soldier very naturally; upon which the marshal, according to his custom, began to abuse him and rate him for his stupidity. The soldier, however, knowing Suvaroff's character, took courage, and said, "Well, sir, perhaps it's not every question your excellency could answer yourself; for instance, there are my two aunts—would you please to tell me their names?" The man's quickness atoned for his impudence in the eyes of the general, and the soldier was made a corporal next morning.

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 67 letters.

My 3, 11, 17, 10, 43, 6, 57, 63, 55, 3, was a celebrated American general.

My 30, 15, 22, 6, 8, 33, 44, 49, 36, 66, 29, is a noted battle of the Mexican war.

My 46, 33, 37, 24, 54, 62, 5, 34, 41, was a celebrated French general.

My 13, 16, 38, 32, 40, 36, 23, 67, was a celebrated Indian chief.

My 16, 1, 6, 27, 7, 48, 63, was a major in the Mexican war.

My 24, 66, 65, 53, 2, was an American general.

My 3, 31, 52, 15, was the most blood-thirsty Prince of ancient times.

My 23, 4, 6, 60, 42, 19, 61, 64, 39, 27, was an American general of the revolution.

My 9, 53, 20, 51, 56, 46, 38, 14, was the most bloody battle of ancient times.

My 58, 38, 12, 26, 55, 39, 43, 35, is a ruler of one of the kingdoms of Europe.

My 48, 60, 10, 44, 50, 9, 14, 5, 17, 30, 54, was a colonel in Bonaparte's army.

My 1, 28, 59, 45, 8, 47, was an American general.

My 50, 58, 63, 64, 46, 52, was a celebrated naval commander.

My 37, 32, 25, 2, 30, 18, 42, 6, was a celebrated philosopher.

My 52, 54, 16, 19, 3, was a celebrated English poet.

My 62, 18, 22, 14, 24, 28, 10, 43, 6, 56, 26, was a celebrated orator of ancient times.

My 9, 47, 34, 8, was a celebrated painter and sculptor.

My 62, 45, 11, 32, 29, was a heathen goddess.

My 21, 28, 48, 31, is a celebrated American poetess.

My whole is an extract from a speech of a celebrated American orator of the eighteenth century. P. DIETRICK.

Greenfield, Ohio.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 1, 12, 4, is a toy.

My 2, 6, 8, 4, is a musical instrument.

My 3, 6, 8, is part of the head.

My 4, 10, 1, 3, 5, is a man's name.

My 8, 3, 6, 4, 10, 8, is used by farmers.

My 6, 4, 10, is an animal.

My 7, 3, is a pronoun.

My 9, 6, 14, 14, 13, 10, often takes place on the holidays.

My 9, is a personal pronoun.

My 10, 6, 1, is what all must do to live.

My 11, 6, 15, 13, is the name of a street in New York.

My 12, 6, 1, is a kind of grain.

My 13, 3, 6, 7, 2, 10, 8, is very useful to man.

My 14, 6, 9, 1, 2, is what all should possess.

My whole is an animal that was very troublesome to the first settlers of the West. DAN.

PHYSIOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 12, 27, 31, 30, 20, is a part of the lower extremeties of the body.

My 18, 31, 32, is a part of the windpipe.

My 40, 11, 19, 21, 8, 2, 50, is a part of the throat.

My 13, 23, 41, 28, 15, are a part of the intestines.

My 5, 4, 9, 21, 41, 42, is an organ productive of motion.

My 16, 24, 3, 20, is a part of the body.

My 10, 11, 35, 13, 20, is a necessary organ of mankind.

My 1, 8, 53, 39, 7, is one of the senses.

My 35, 7, 12, 17, is a part of the body.

My 5, 36, 33, 29, 18, 21, 19, 34, 15, 43, 20, is necessary to digestion.

My 33, 34, 43, 5, 12, 24, 22, is a part of the body below the breast bone.

My 49, 7, 14, 39, is a part of the foot.

My 45, 38, 52, 48, 40, is a part of the mouth.

My 11, 14, 33, 27, 16, 32, is a part of the eye.

My 25, 4, 20, 37, 50, 51, 30, 16, 1, is a part of the lower extremeties.

My whole was an event in American history.

CINKOS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My *first* is a *letter* known to you—
Tell me what it is, pray!
In writing it is used a "few,"
A vowel I may say;
My *first* and *second* when combined,
A verb doth bring to view,
And if to "office" you're inclined
It may refer to you.
My *third* another vowel is—
Used more than any other;
If you can't tell me what it is,
Just go and ask your mother!
My *fourth* is called a conjunction—
'Tis also a name for youth—
Comply, you, with its injunction—
Combined with virtue and truth.
My *third* and my *fourth* combined,
Of a tragedy deep, is the name,
'Tis the work of a powerful mind—
You oft have heard of the same;
My *first* and *second, third* and *fourth*,
Occurs most every year,
In every city, South and North,
It often happens here.
My *sixth*'s two vowels joined together—
(That's all that I can say.)
They're always seen in pleasant weather—
(Don't guess it right away.)
My *seventh* never has an end;
When seen it's mostly round,
Also a verb; (you may depend)—
It also means a sound.
My *whole*, though not a business or trade,
Is often engaged in by man,
But strange to say, not much money is made!
Now solve this riddle who can. GAMMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a name for a deer.
My second is a dish of food.
My third is a troublesome insect.
My whole is a very useful member of the household.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man has a rectangular field which he wishes to plough. Its circuit is 168 rods, and diagonal 60. If a ploughman goes around it, cutting uniformly 9 inches wide, how far will he travel to plough half of it? H. L. S.

Bloomville, N. Y.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

The two shorter sides of a triangle are 34 and 30 rods, and the diameter of the inscribed circle is 26 rods. How find the base. MATHEMATICUS.

Red Brush Hill.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Why is an awkward fellow like a pine tree? Ans.—Because he is evergreen.

☞ Why is a wise man like a mirror? Ans.—Because both reflect.

☞ What Scripture character would you mention in ordering away an untruthful person? Ans.—Goliah (go liar.)

☞ Why is a certain famous piano-forte performer likely to make his mark? Ans.—Because he's Gottschalk, (Got Chalk).

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—"Wickliffe, the Morning Star of the Reformation," propagates his doctrines, and makes the first English translation of the Bible, Thirteen Hundred and sixty-nine." GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Surrender of Lord